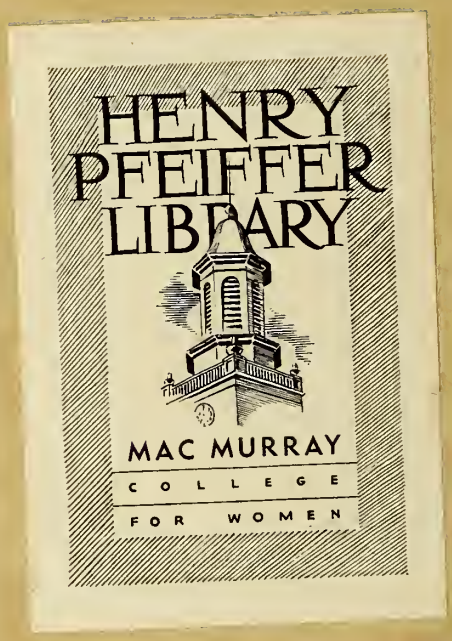

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The Junior Class
Illinois
Woman's College
Jacksonville

CLIMAX



PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class
of
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

Affectionately Dedicates This Volume
of

The Illiwoco

to

Miss Ruby B. Neville

In Appreciation of the
Inspiration
She has Given to the Girls
of I. W. C.

The Junior Class
of
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen
Affectionately Dedicates This Volume
of
The Illiwoco
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In Appreciation of the
Inspiration
She has Given to the Girls
of I. W. C.



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Jacksonville, Illinois

Foreword

THIS is the fourth volume of The ILLIWOCO. The college activities it chronicles, the achievements of the institution it records, the pictures it contains,—all witness that this year has been the most significant in the history of the College. It has been our aim to make this a book of memories, that through it you may live over again this one year of college life.

We have striven ever to interpret the true spirit of I. W. C., to convey that spirit to others that they may seek our halls. It is with this desire in our hearts that we present to you

The 1919 Illiwoco

WE, The Junior Class, desire to express our deep gratitude for the assistance Miss Knopf has rendered in the art work of The Illiwoco. And not only do we appreciate the gracious service rendered us; we would pay tribute also to the woman whose personality and teaching have been a source of inspiration to the girls of this College. We count it a privilege to have come into intimate relationship with one whose artistic ability and genius have won recognition in American Art, and whose interest in students has directed her efforts toward bringing to them

the larger vision





To the Memory of

Amy M. Mothershead, Dean
Illinois Woman's College

Died
December twenty-seventh, 1917

"Think of her faring on as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here.
Think of her still as the same, I say,
She is not dead—she is just away."

—James Whitcomb Riley






















FACULTY
Phillips McMurphy



MAY ESTHER CARTER, A. M., Dean.
(Ohio Wesleyan University, B. L. and A. M.)

NELLIE A. KNOPF, Director School of Fine Arts, Drawing and Painting, Design.
(Chicago Art Institute, Chas. H. Woodbury, Boston.)

RUBY B. NEVILLE, A. M., Bible and English.
(Ohio Wesleyan University, A. M., University of Chicago.)

GRACE COWGILL, A. M., German.
Ohio Wesleyan University, A. M., University of Berlin.)

MARY ANDERSON, A. M., Mathematics.
(University of Illinois, A. M., University of Chicago.)

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(Indiana University, A. M., University of Chicago.)

LAURA McLAUGHLIN, M. S., Chemistry.
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JENNIE M. ANDERSON, A. M., History.
(Northwestern University, A. B., A. M.)





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(Teachers' College, Columbia University, B. S.)

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(University of Michigan, A. M.)

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(University of Chicago, Ph. B., Ed. B., Columbia University, A. M.)

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(University of Michigan, A. B.)

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(Hamline University, Ph. B., Columbia College of Expression, Chicago.)



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(Indiana University, A. M.)



CORA E. JACOBY, Instructor in Gymnasium.

(Emerson College, Boston, Harvard University Summer School, Noyes Private School of Physical Culture.)



MARGARET B. FULLER, B. S., Physics and Geology.

(Northwestern University, University of Chicago.)





LOIS COULTAS, A. M., Instructor in German.

(Illinois Woman's College, A. B., Univrsity of Illinois, A. M.)

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(University of Michigan.)

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(University of Wisconsin, A. B. Graduate Student, Columbia University.)

CORA E. SWINGLE, B. S., Instructor in Home Economics and Chemistry.

(Kansas Agriculture College, B. S., Pratt Institute, Teachers' College, Columbia University, B. D. S., Michigan University.)

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(Graduate of American Conservatory of Music, Chicago. Pupil of Howard Wells, Allen Spencer, Harrison Wild and Adolf Weidig, Chicago; Martin Krause, Edgar Stillman-Kelley, Alexander von Fielitz, Berlin, three years.)



MRS. LUCY DIMMITT KOLP, Piano, Harmony and Ear Training.

(Illinois Woman's College. Illinois College of Music. Pupil of Mrs. W. S. B. Mathews, Homer Norris, Arthur Olaf Andersen, Charles Galloway.)



MRS. MATHILDA COLEAN, Piano.

(Pupil of Dr. Johannessen, Ernest R. Kroeger, Dr. Goldbeck.)



LULA D. HAY, Piano.

(Raaman-Volkmann Music School, Bavaria. Pupil of Dr. S. A. Pierce, New York; Victor Heinze, Chicago.)





MRS. FLORENCE PIERRON HARTMANN, Voice Culture.

(Pupil of Giraudet, de La Grange and Marchesi in Paris; C. A. White, Signor Rotoli and Max Heinrich in Boston.)

RENA M. LAZELLE, Voice Culture.

(Pupil of Signorina Etena Varesi, Chicago; Ross David, Victor Manuel, New York.)

CARL F. L. JESSEN, Piano.

(Graduate of American Conservatory of Music, Chicago. Pupil of Allen Spencer and Adolf Weidig. Concert Pianist.)

LENORE MYRTLE SHEPPARD, Assistant in Piano, Children's Classes.

(Illinois College of Music, Graduate American Conservatory of Music, Chicago.)

MILLICENT E. ROWE, Instructor in Expression.
(Illinois Woman's College, Leland Powers School, Boston.)



AGNES C. WILLIAMS, A. B., Instructor in English.
(Rockford College.)



NORMA VIRGIN, Instructor in Art.
(Illinois Woman's College School of Fine Arts, New York Art Students' League, Chicago Art Institute.)



EDNA R. GRAY, A. B., Instructor in Home Economics.
(University of Minnesota, A. B., Simmons College, B. S.)





EDITH M. ROBINSON. Piano.

(Illinois College of Music, Caruther's Normal School of Music, Chicago.)

HELEN HENRY SMITH, Public School Music.

(Illinois College of Music, Supervisor's Course. Summer School, University of Illinois.)

CLARA C. MOORE, A. B., Violin.

(Illinois College of Music. Pupil of Oskar Bock, Brussels, Belgium.)

MARGARET RING, Assistant in Piano.

(Illinois College of Music.)

College Dignitaries













College Song

By stately elms surrounded
Our dear old college stands,
And with a faith unbounded
Our loyalty demands.
She guides her daughters all aright,
As to her side they cling,
And shields them well when dark the night
'Neath the shadow of her wing.

CHORUS

Oh, college dear, we love but thee,
And will be always true.
Thy colors shall our ensign be—
The yellow and the blue.

Hail to our Alma Mater!
The pride of all the land!
We will loyal be forever
And by her side we'll stand.
Her fame for aye we will unfold
Till known to all she'll be,
And oft her glories be retold
By us o'er land and sea.


CLASSES

Commencement Events

Sunday, June Third

6:00 P. M. Anniversary Service of Young Women's Christian Association. Students' Social Room.

Monday, June Fourth

9:30 A. M. Class Day.

10:30 A. M. Annual Meeting of Trustees and Visitors.

10:30 A. M. to 4:00 P. M. School of Fine Arts Exhibit. Art Studio.

10:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. Domestic Arts Exhibit. Harker Hall.

12:30 P. M. Class Luncheons and Reunions.

3:00 P. M. Reunion of Alumnæ and Former Students.
Cafeteria Supper on the Campus.

4:30 P. M. Society Receptions in Society Halls.

6:00 P. M. College Sing, on the Campus.

8:00 P. M. College of Musical Recital.

Tuesday, June Fifth

9:00 A. M. Assembly of Trustees, Alumnæ, Former Students, Faculty, Students and Friends in College corridors for procession to Commencement.

9:30 A. M. Commencement Exercises. Address by Rev. Harris Franklin Rall, Ph. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute.

12:00 M. Reception of Graduates.

1:30 P. M. College Luncheon.

Seniors

MISS JOHNSTON — Faculty Adviser

MARCELINE ARMSTRONG — Jacksonville

LOIS BRUNER — Rock Island

LILLIAN CLEARWATER — Jacksonville





OLIVE GERRICK — Goodland, Ind.

GLADYS HENERHOFF — Ursa

LAVINA JONES — Ida Grove, Ia.

VIVIAN KEPLINGER — Pontiac

KATHERINE MADDEN — Jacksonville

DOROTHY PINKSTON — St. Joseph, Mo.

MARGARET PIRES — Jacksonville

MARIE TOWLE — Jacksonville





DOROTHY WESTPHAL — Joliet

LORA WHITEHEAD — Easton

Dear St. Patrick:

We do be writin' ye this bit o' letter to be informin' ye that 'tis a grand time we Wearers o' the Green have been enjoyin' with ye these last four years. 'Tis proud we are o' ye, St. Patrick, an' 'tis with full hearts we do be thankin' ye now for the kindness ye've ever shown us. Faith, now, St. Patrick dear, don't be thinkin' that since we're leavin' ye soon, that we could be forgettin' the likes o' ye an' the lesson ye been teachin' us. Sure, we'll not be forgettin' o' them, St. Patrick. 'Tis us that shall always be retainin' that freshness an' verdancy ye have given us. 'Tis us that shall ever be Wearers o' the Green. 'Tis not fond we are o' the "withered leaf," St. Patrick, an' 'tis us that has no plans for growin' withered an' dried up. As we may have mentioned before, St. Patrick, we did be plantin' your namesake on the campus. 'Twas in honor o' ye we did it. An emblem, it is, o' growth an' eternal youth. Be rememberin' St. Patrick that tho' we do be leavin' ye we're still belongin' to ye and that we're leavin' with ye—Oh, the beauty of it! A grand Shamrock garden, the class o' 22. 'Tis naught but happiness we do be wishin' ye, St. Patrick.

THE WEARERS O' THE GREEN

P. S.—Would ye be givin' a bit o' hint to the class of 22? Ye might first be a tellin' them thot we love them an' then ye might be sayin' how much we do be appreciatin' the class o' 20. Faith, they've been a grand bunch o' sisters! 'Tis us that do be hopin' that '20 will be enjoyin' a grand comradeship with the new "Wearers o' the Green."

CLASS OF 1918





Junior Class

Mrs. Ellis	Faculty Advisor
Berniece Bowen	Kewanee
Kittie Bunting	Quincy
Lois Carpenter	Kewanee
Alice Haines	Chicago
Grace Hasenstab	Chicago
Marie Iliff	Hoopeston
Helen Irwin	Chicago
Myra Kirkpatrick	Jacksonville
Mary McGhee	Murrayville
Bernice Molz	Pana
Mary Moxon	Jacksonville
Edith Pratt	Watseka
Cordelia Randolph	Jerseyville
Louise Reed	Tulsa, Okla.
Rachel Rexroat	Virginia
Blanche Seaman	Arthur
Bess Seward	Watseka
Eleanor Sherrell	Robinson
Louise Shoop	Wenona
Margaret Towle	Jacksonville
Mabel Weiss	Lamar, Ind.
Mary Whiteside	Carrollton
Gertrude Wilson	Momence
Zay Wright	Champaign



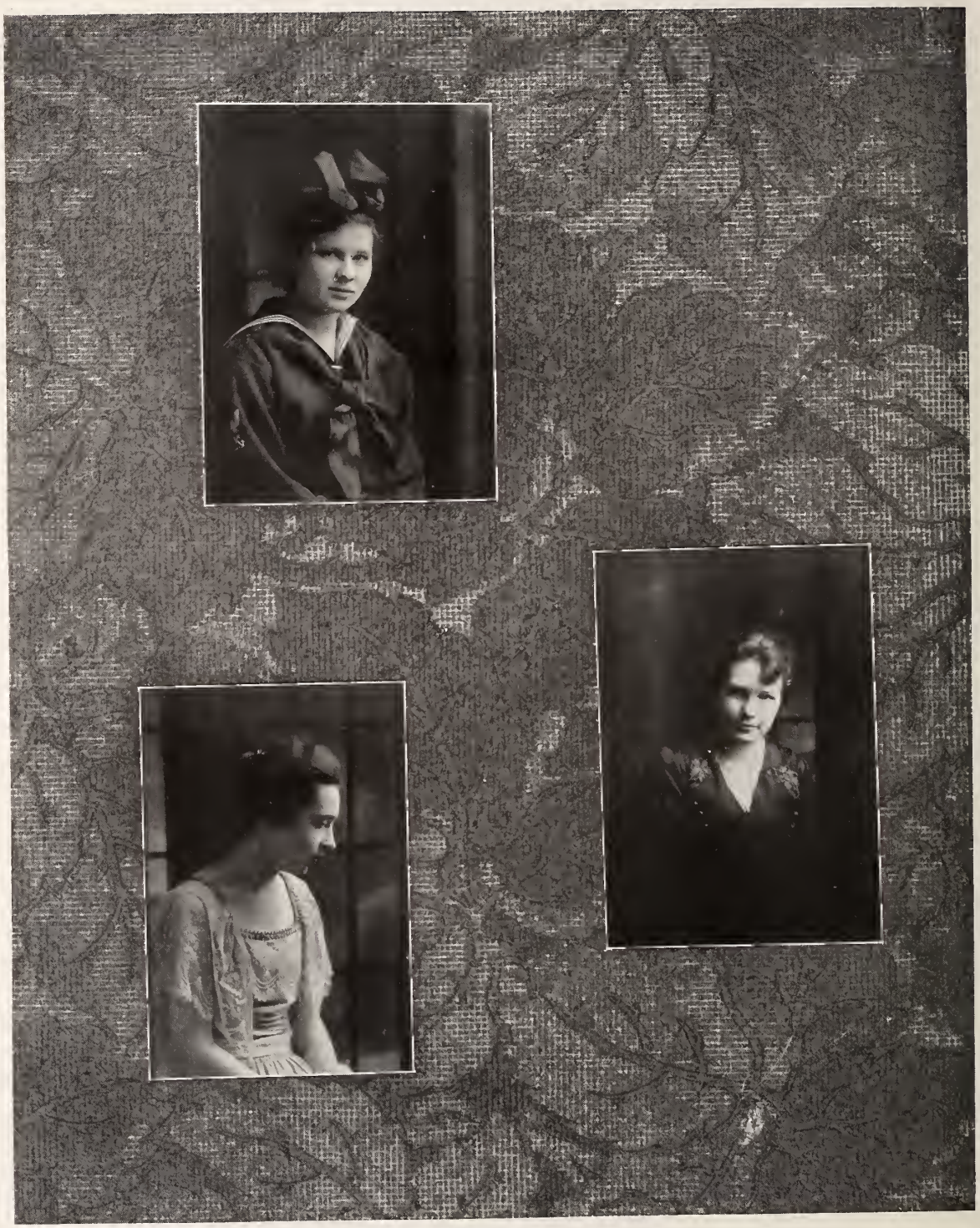




Haines

Bowen

Ellis



Weiss

Irwin

Wright







Seward

Kirkpatrick

Hasenstab







Moxon

Reed

Seaman



McGhee

Wilson

Shoop







Randolph

Carpenter

Whiteside







Bunting Iliff Rexroat









Molz
Towle

Pratt
Sherrell

Sophomore Class

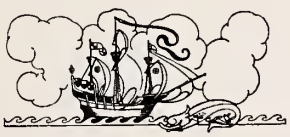
WE'RE the class of 1920! From the day we entered chapel officially as Freshmen and announced our identity, nobody doubted or misunderstood this fact. The Sophs look back with few regrets on last year when they formed such a large part of the school, both in numbers and in spirit, and on their entrance this year with such a small percentage missing.

We are proud of the record of our class, proud, too of our song—doubly so because it contains neither the words pep nor rep. Being the class of 1920 means being a class that is patriotic in a national sense. That is easy, for this class does not find it difficult to work up enthusiasm and energy for class affairs, or to rally triumphantly 'round the banner of yellow and white. However, being the class of 1920 means being international in view also, and 1920 is ready with a will to support Illinois Woman's College and to work for things bigger than class. Though a distinct unit—and a mighty fine one—the chief glory is in being a part of our college. Just watch a Sophomore bend forward a little as she shouts "Wahoo! Wahoo! for we're the Sophomore class!" But listen also to the yell and hear her voice with equal fervor the sentiments:

"Hail to nineteen twenty,
The yellow and the white."
and
"Hail to our Alma Mater,
The yellow and the blue."

CLASS OFFICERS

President Bernice Severin
Vice President Avonne Jameson
Secretary Gertrude Hodgens
Treasurer Gladys Goodale





Dugger Eddy Kennedy Onken Holder Moore
Bolton Black Lindley McMurphy Barton Scrimger Dietrick
Kennish Mershon Merritt
Houck McChord Rotruck Severin Davis Webster Harker Copley Turner Hetherlin
Keplinger Anderson Schwartz Kennedy Cass Sipfle Shively Irwin Maggee Harris Goodale Hodgens LaRue
Theobald Baxter Bunting Dinsmore Funk Prettyman Moody Lopp Corbley Kirk





The Freshmen

WE feel sure that each Freshman has received both pleasure and profit from her first year in Illinois Woman's College. In September we met each other as strangers, but now friendships have been formed which will always recall the associations of this busy and happy year.

We have had several especially pleasant and memorable associations, among them our meetings prior to Thanksgiving, when we planned the decorations of the college dining room for the annual dinner and homecoming of Thanksgiving Day.

In March we were recognized as a class in a special chapel service. The class of 1917 handed their banner on to us for safe keeping, after which Dr. Harker greeted us with words of help and cheer. The following Sunday we had charge of the Y. W. C. A. meeting.

Since our recognition as a class we have felt justly proud of our athletic record, for we have won all of our basket ball games to date and have also won honors in the gymnasium exhibition.

Our last achievement was the March edition of the College Greetings, and, for the success of this venture, we owe many thanks to Miss Williams for the advice and suggestions which she gave us.

We wish to express our appreciation of Miss Cowgill, our class adviser, who has worked with us and guided us safely through our difficulties.

As we look back over this short year we find many things which make us look forward with expectancy to coming years under the inspiration of these college halls.

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Bliss Seymour
Vice President	Hazel Bell Leiter
Secretary	Helen Bennison
Treasurer	Vera Wardner



Haviland Sherman Holnback Crowder Schwab Tulpin
Walker Hastings McMurray Wood Russell Osborne Meers Smith Poorman Harper Kuss
Wade Koehm Harter Fribley Houston Coleman McFall Herleman Satterthwaite Pletcher Watson
Carruthers Shearburn Hammond Craigmiles Geiger Jungerich Keys Greist Whittaker
Mochel Thompson Ball Taylor Hinchman Earl Skinner MacFarland Desmond Chapman Bailey Johnston
Hamilton Dahlchrist Houghton Bishop Davidson Bishop Underwood Fisher Harmel Broadwell Carter Prutzman
Wardner Bennison Leiter Wall Cherry Seymour Woodman





Sale

Hillerby Janes
Leonard Pursell Kensil
Engle Norris



First and Second Year Specials

Rush
Hay
Terhune
Holt

Allen
Boyce

Alger

Naumann

Gifford
G. Smith
Meenta
Priestman
F. Madden

The Specials

THE College Specials are the jolliest class in school and we can prove it. Just remember the Hallowe'en party. Was it not a large undertaking for any class, and did we not all enjoy it? Our members here displayed their various talents,—the fortune teller, the little black spider, the portrait painter, and the victrola. And was it not a very fair ghost who greeted you at the gym door,—our class president?

Did not our class raise its full quota for the Student Friendship War Fund? And which class gave its stunt first? Indeed, the College Specials are the "peppiest" class in school.

This year we have had the particular honor of having one of our members chosen as president of the Students' Association.

And if, by chance, anyone should ask you which class is the most accomplished in music, art, and expression, of course you'd say "The College Specials." We are proud of our jollity, our pep, and our college rep.



Fourth Academy



Bates Ringsdorf Pratt Hollinger Webb Cook
Betcher Darley
Imel Yeck Richardson

Third Academy



Short Hogan

Hawkins Matthews Corzine Turner

Tuttle Crays Gower Fuller


ll. & Vail
2277


Vail
74



Executive Board

President	Winifred Sale
Vice President	Katherine Madden
Secretary	Zay Wright
Treasurer	Lois Carpenter
House Chairman, Harker	Leatha Bunting
House Chairman, Main	Elizabeth McChord
Sophomore Representative	Magdaline Mershon
Freshman Representative	Laila Skinner
Town Girls' Representative	Edith Hillerby
Academy Representative	Jennie Webb



The Students' Association



THE college of to-day is trying to prepare its students for a happy, active, helpful life in the world of affairs; for the college students of to-day become the leaders of the nation to-morrow. With this thought in mind, many educational institutions have adopted a student government in which the students, with a truly democratic spirit, make rules for their conduct in relation to other students and to the college. Student government is most often embodied in the Students' Association, an organization whose varied interests invite the membership of all.

The Students' Association of the Illinois Woman's College assumed its rudimentary shape with the formation of a College Council March fifth, 1913. It consisted of the presidents of all college organizations, the president of the fourth year academy, and the faculty advisers of five college classes, and the fourth academy class. In the meetings of this council, the students for the first time expressed themselves freely on all matters relating to the college. Democracy and self-government thrived so vigorously that they grew too strong to be typified in a College Council; after two years of a successful existence it was thought that something bigger and better might be tried. Accordingly, February twentieth, 1914, a temporary form of Student House Government was adopted for a trial month. After the girls adopted rules for themselves, they took particular pride in keeping ten o'clock hours, in attending church regularly, and in observing carefully their "manners." The faculty, to the great delight of all, renounced police duties; each girl became her own policeman. During this time the highest expectations were realized, and, as a result, the College Council willingly surrendered its charter to its successor, the Students' Association.

The Students' Association has a democratic form of government by which most of the questions of necessary discipline and other important questions of general interest are decided upon by the student body itself. It stimulates in a student a deep sense of personal responsibility and restraint and inspires in her a love of doing her best for the good of the whole. It sets the girl in the natural and right relation toward her environment—"with malice toward none, with charity toward all"—and thereby instills within her ideals of most excellent value in her life after college days.



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

President	Kitty Bunting
Vice President	Erva Moody
Secretary	Miriam Sipfle
Treasurer	Esther Kirk
Social Service	Grace Hasenstab
Devotional	Olive Gerrick
Social	Gertrude Onken
Missions	Gertrude Hodgens
Publicity	Maurine Gifford
Madras	Esther Hetherlin

The Young Woman's Christian Association



IT is to the Young Woman's Christian Association that the girls of the Illinois Woman's College turn for religious inspiration, and through it they gain a more complete entrance into all student activities. Not only does it offer the wide-awake college girl a sphere of usefulness, but it also gives to her the rich benefits derived from fellowship and service.

Even before a girl enters college she comes into contact with this organization. Through the kind, solicitous letter of the Y. W. C. A. "big sister" she learns that when she arrives at college she will not be entirely alone in an unknown, unexplored world. How happy she is when she first receives news of this friend among all those strangers, a friend who has her own interest at heart. Then when she arrives at Jacksonville and sees the Association committees at the station waiting to meet her, she finds that her homesick feeling rapidly disappears.

Indeed, the new girl soon discovers that the Y. W. C. A. believes in making the students feel at home; and, in order that they may become better acquainted, introduces its social affairs early. One of the first and most enjoyable functions is the Geneva Tea, a delightful combination of social and religious interests, which includes reports of the summer conference at Lake Geneva. Those who have been there tell of the inspirations and help which the ten days of pleasure and study have brought. Through their talks they spread the gospel of Lake Geneva so enthusiastically that every girl with the true Y. W. C. A. spirit resolves that sometime in the future she, too, will visit this pleasant place.

The Association contributes to the social as well as the religious development of the college girl. At the first of the year comes the big reception when, in an informal gathering, the girls are pleasantly entertained. Throughout the year occur pie and ice cream sales, and in the spring comes the big May breakfast. Miscellaneous social events such as the Doll Tea of this last year solicit much interest. This tea was given before Christmas, when all the dolls dressed by the girls for poor and sick children were placed on display.

The same splendid spirit of enthusiasm displayed in the social gatherings also appears in the religious meetings of the organization. These are held on Sunday afternoons immediately following dinner. Here, during a short service, subjects of social and religious interest are discussed, everyone feeling free to join in the talks. Special music always adds to the pleasure of the meetings. But most pleasant of all are the fireside gatherings on a cold winter's evening. What could be more conducive to helpful, informal talks than the homelike setting of a big, roaring fire?



The Association does not lose sight of those less fortunate than care-free college girls. The Social Service division has a broad field, since through it the girls come in contact with the blind, deaf and dumb, and needy of the city. Two parties during the year are given to the children who are under the care of the Associated Charities. At Thanksgiving time baskets are sent to the worthy poor of the city, while just before the Christmas holidays jolly groups go carol singing with the hope of bringing some ray of joy into the desolate lives of the invalids and aged. Coupled with activity of

this kind is the Service Circle. Here a detailed study is made of social problems, the importance of community work is emphasized, and a knowledge is thus gained of methods of handling social questions. Practical lessons are learned which will be of inestimable value to the girls in later life.

The outside interest of our Association is not confined merely to the community, for the object of the Mission Committee is to establish classes for the study of conditions and needs in other lands. In all the work of the home, social, and mission circles, Madras, the sister college, is not neglected. The mission contribution of the organization at I. W. C. goes to this college in India to aid the women who are striving to lift themselves above the level of the caste-ridden Orient.

Then, too, the Y. W. C. A. of our college extends its interests to important conventions and sends delegates to them whenever possible. Three great and stirring conventions during the past year have aroused the girls of I. W. C. to greater endeavors. Imbued with the intensive spirit of these meetings the representatives of the Association returned to the college fired with an earnest enthusiasm to help meet the problems forced upon us by this great war.

The first convention of the year, which occurred at Chicago in October, was concerned with the Students' Friendship War Fund. It followed the plan of the Student Conference of Niagara, which previously recommended that one million dollars be raised for the bettering of base camps, prison camps, and front line trenches. I. W. C., when the plan was presented to her, valiantly went "over the top" with a subscription of one thousand sixty-eight dollars. By establishing a basis of self-denial for each individual pledge, the fund was easily obtained.

The next conference, that of the International Student Volunteers, took place in January at Northfield. Here delegates from several different nations discussed the world situation. Realizing that the United States was not truly a Christian nation, and that no nation except a Christian one could make the world safe for democracy, the convention proposed plans for broadening Christian lives through mission study. Here again I. W. C. showed her interest by meeting the plans of the conference with the establishment of eleven mission study classes, and a membership of 100 per cent of the students.

At the state convention of the Student Volunteers at Galesburg in March, the representatives of the Y. W. C. A. again came in touch with the enlivening spirit of other colleges of the state. Here, too, was emphasized the great need of missionary work as the Christianizing force of the world.

While in Galesburg the I. W. C. representatives decorated the monument of Mother Bickerdyke, that heroic, motherly woman of Civil War fame, whose life was glorified by unselfish service and devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers.

So through the past year the organization of the Young Woman's Christian Association has worked and grown. It has offered to the college girl social joys, religious inspiration, community service, and mission instruction, thus helping to give to her the rounded development of the truly womanly woman of the Illinois Woman's College.





Winners of Honors 1917-1918

1917

Junior-Sophomore Essay Contest

First Lora Whitehead, '18
Second Louise Reed, '19

Expression Contest

First Magdaline Mershon, '20
Second Edna Cleaveland, Academy

Scholarship at University of Illinois — Ora Theobald, '19
Hazel Houck, '19

1918

Junior-Sophomore Essay Contest

First Esther Hetherlin, '20
Second Myra Kirkpatrick, '19

Expression Contest

First Beulah McMurphy, '20
Second Lula Prettyman, '20

Scholarship at University of Illinois — Margaret Pires, '18

Phi Nu

Founded, 1853

Colors
Blue and Black

Flower
Red Rose

Motto
Luceum Colligentes Ut Emitta

Officers

President Ruth Harker
Vice President Bernice Severin
Treasurer Edith Kensil
Secretary Zerita Schwartz
Chaplain Lora Whitehead
Critic Helen Irwin
Librarian Esther Kirk
Chorister Margaret Scrimger
Ushers Mary Louise Davis
Magdeline Mershon

Members

1918

Lora Whitehead

1919

Helen Irwin
Blanche Seaman

1920

Mildred Barton
Amo Cass
Mary Louise Davis
Josephine Eddy
Ruth Harker
Thelma Houck
Marion Irwin
Pauline Kennedy
Edith Kensil
Esther Kirk
Magdeline Mershon
Elizabeth McChord
Beulah McMurphy
Mary Eva Murdaugh
Anne Rotruck
Zerita Schwartz
Margaret Scrimger
Bernice Severin
Margaret Shively
Grace Woods

1921

Geraldine Bailey
Margaret Davidson
Myrl Hammond
Esther Harper
Louise Pletcher
Laila Skinner
Irma Taylor
Jessie Wall
Margaret Watson





Bishop
Henerhoff

Bruner
Hodgens
Westphal

Gifford
Maggee

Bolton
Meents
Randolph

Gerrick
Pinkston
Weiss

Harris
Reed

Lambda Alpha Mu

Color
Lavender

Flower
Pink Killarney Rose

Motto
Paula Maiora Canamus

Officers

President Cordelia Randolph
Vice President Lois Bruner
Recording Secretary Grace Harris
Corresponding Secretary . . . Bess Seward
Treasurer Mable Weiss
Chaplain Maurine Gifford
Pianist Mardelle Meents
Reporter Louise Reed
Sergeant-at-Arms Olive Gerrick
Ushers Muriel Maggee
Helen Bishop

Members

1918

Lois Bruner
Gladys Henerhoff
Olive Gerrick
Dorothy Pinkston

1919

Mable Weiss
Cordelia Randolph
Bess Seward
Louise Reed

1920

Helen Bishop
Veriel Black
Gertrude Hodgens
Maurine Gifford
Grace Harris
Mardelle Meents
Muriel Maggee
Lucille Bolton

1921

Helen Bennison
Evangeline Bishop
Mary Bishop
Harriet Coleman
Avis Crowder
Frances Hinchman
Viola Iunerich
Gladys Jaquith
Mildred Keys
Ruth Kuss





Armstrong Bowen Bunting Bunting
Carpenter Corbly Goodale Haines Hasenstab
Janes Jones Kirkpatrick Leonard McGhee Moody
Pratt Pursell Rexroat Sale Sherrell
Terhune Turner Whiteside Wright



Theta Sigma

Colors
Scarlet, Black and Gold

Flower
Yellow Chrysanthemum

Motto
To faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge

Officers

President Erva Moody
Vice President Gladys Corbly
Recording Secretary Mary McGhee
Corresponding Secretary . . Gladys Goodale
Treasurer Berniece Bowen
Critic Marceline Armstrong
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Chorister Eunice Leonard
Summoner Margaret Turner
Librarian and Reporter . . Mary Whiteside
Pages Leatha Bunting
Merlin Terhune

Members

1918

Marceline Armstrong
Lavina Jones

1919

Berniece Bowen
Kittle Bunting
Lois Carpenter
Alice Haines
Grace Hasenstab
Myra Kirkpatrick
Mary McGhee
Edith Pratt
Rachel Rexroat
Eleanor Sherrell
Mary Whiteside
Zay Wright

1920

Leatha Bunting
Gladys Corbly
Margaret Turner
Gladys Goodale
Erva Moody

1921

Edna Geiger
Fern Haviland
Bernice Holnback
Mariam Houghton
Louise Koehm
Dorothy MacFarland
Edna Osborne
Bliss Seymour
Sue Wade
Vera Wardner

Specials

1918

Winifred Sale

1919

Ila Allen
Helen Pursell
Eunice Leonard

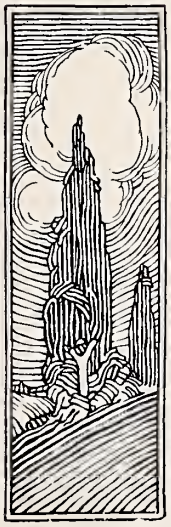
1920

Pauline Janes
Merlin Terhune

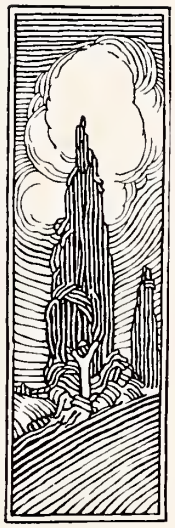


Members

Bates
Betcher
Cook
Corzine
Darley
Gower
Hogan
Imel
Mathews
Pratt
Prewitt
Webb
Yeck



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Bruner
Pinkston
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Seaman
Kirkpatrick
Molz
Madden
Barton

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Associate Editor Lavina Jones
Assistant Editors Mildred Barton
Myra Kirkpatrick

Art Editor Marie Towle
Business Manager . . . Dorothy Pinkston
Bernice Molz
Assistant Manager Florence Madden

"Greetings"

SINCE variety is the spice of life, this must be the reason that "The Greetings" for 1917-1918 has been so spicy and full of enthusiasm. It has fulfilled its mission as an "all school" publication, for not only the upper classmen, but even the sophisticated Sophomores and verdant Freshmen had a hand in its making. The editor-in-chief, associate editor, and so on, down the line, took a vacation entirely for two numbers and the results were new staffs arising from the respective Freshmen and Sophomore classes. The March and April numbers thus produced prove the old proverb about variety, and also bespeak much latent talent for a future "Greetings" staff.

Material for copy like every other commodity has been influenced by the war; Red Cross notes, war-time stories and victorious peace dreams, all testify to the trend of thought at I. W. C. But "The Greetings" has not been entirely devoted to the war. It has generously furnished space for the singing of the fame and lofty praises of the Senior Class in "The Sign of the Shamrock" and has rescued themes that otherwise would have passed into oblivion; likewise it has been the camping ground for prize stories and essays, and the ever present crop of spring poems that do not confine themselves to spring, and blossom forth at all seasons of the year at I. W. C.

The remnants of the present staff wish to bequeath the idol of their hearts upon the next generation of editors, with sincere wishes that they remain true to the principles they have held,—that truly, variety is the spice of life, especially of college life.



Mrs. Ellis—*Faculty Adviser* Alice Haines—*Editor in Chief*
Myra Kirkpatrick—*Associate Editor* Eleanor Sherrel—*Art Editor* Helen Pursell—*Assistant Art Editor*
Mary McGhee—*Assistant Business Manager*
Bess Seward—*Business Manager* Gertrude Wilson—*Assistant Business Manager*
Louise Shoop—*Assistant Editor* Marie Iliff—*Assistant Editor*


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Pauline Jones

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Freshman Representative Dorothy MacFarland
Special Represeutative . . . Mildred Nutt
Academy Represeutative . . . Lucile Hogan

Pages from a Diary of a Door

September 17, 1917: I am the door to the new gymnasium. Standing, as I do, in one of the foremost situations in the aforesaid building, and being regarded as a perfectly upright character, I feel justified in keeping this record. I believe that I can truthfully say, without fear of any further contradiction, that nothing will get past me without my knowledge.

September 25: For days and days I have been swung back and forth on my hinges until I have fairly squeaked with the weariness of it, but the climax was reached to-day. Behind me was given the Student Association Picnic. Girls, girls, and more girls! They came by twos, threes, and by multitudes. As the evening waned, certain illustrious faculty members began to pass to and fro, carrying veritable tubs full of salad, Welsh rarebit, wafers, sandwiches, and cake. For the first time in my life I have wished I were not a door.

September 27: To-night I was the indirect cause of excitement. How did I do it? Well, after a group of young ladies branded with yellow ties had entered the building, I beheld afar off the glow of perhaps ninety red and white ties. Having no reason to do otherwise, I swung back and allowed the herd to pass through the portal. Blessed Fates, that made me do it! It was the Freshmen Class who had come to play the first basket ball game in the new gym. The Sophomores were there for the same purpose, but they soon surrendered with one-fourth as many points to their score as the rough little Freshmen could claim.

December 15: What is this I hear about no water? From where I stand I can see Miss Black explaining the necessity of water for swimming lessons. "Girls, please wait until you get to your rooms. Don't drink the water out of the pool."

January 8, 1918: "Coming events cast their shadows before." Consider this the shadow of a Gymnasium Exhibition.

February 14: Freshmen, aren't you a trifle selfish? You might at least have let the combined efforts of the Junior and Senior classes overwhelm you.

February 20: This has been a sad day for me. As the only means of entrance to the

gymnasium I think I should be held with more care and respect. Through carelessness, someone has broken my left eye, the glass one, you know.

March 18: So this was the gala day. Such capers I have never seen! Such noises I have never heard! All those colored arm bands have a significance. Red, however, seems to be the predominating shade. Being otherwise occupied, I couldn't see the performance, but from listening to the departing spectators, I have every reason in the world to believe that no discredit was done to Miss Jacoby. The exercises, marching, dancing, apparatus work, and games were all very well executed. Particularly did the Freshmen and Sophomores shine with their respective 19 and 11 points of honor.

March 24: They are swimming again. Hurray! I can see it all, now that my eye has been fixed. Who was that who just went across the pool without stopping? It's hard to tell. They are all so very proficient now.

April 6: Whoever thought that so early in my career as a door I should witness the feat I did to-night. The faculty in gym suits, playing basket ball! It was without doubt the wildest and most exciting game of the season. The audience was in a terrible suspense throughout the evening wondering what would happen next, for they never could guess. The centers were immense, the forwards and guards were wonderful, and the linesmen (women) were adorable. The sum of $17.41 which was netted was hard-earned—but red is a winning color.

April 9: I hear nothing but May Day and Field Day now. It is hard to be a door in these trying times. If I grow lazy and decide to stay open, someone closes me. If I stay closed someone opens me. By nightfall I am too weary to move; so I remain steadfast. After all, it has been a very successful year over here, but if moving to and fro gains a vacation, I have certainly earned mine.





Freshman Basket Ball Team

Hamilton MacFarland Houghton Taylor Johnston
Wardner Nelson Jacoby



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Jacoby Black

Turner McChord Lopp Dinsmore

Moody Harris

Schwartz



Senior-Junior Basket Ball Team

Jacoby Sherrell Wright
Hasenstab McGhee
Weiss Gerrick





Winners of Athletic Association Pins

Erva Moody, '20

Doris McIntyre, '20

Roxie Poland, '19

Margaret Turner, '20

Muriel Magee, 20

Basket Ball Shield

1917
Sophomore Team

1918
Freshman Team

The College of Music

WHAT a busy place is Music Hall! From early morning until late at night there is a strange medley of sounds issuing from its windows, in which all kinds of instruments and human voices struggle for dominance. But into this confusion each day there steals one-half hour when the college assembles for morning devotion, in which the sounds of practice give way to those of worship.

At certain times, deeper and more varied voices are added to this symphony. On Tuesday evening of each week, the college orchestra, now grown to twenty-five members, meets for a rehearsal under Professor Stearns. The value and success of these rehearsals is evinced in the annual concert given by the orchestra in the spring.

On Thursday evening the Madrigal Club, a distinctly representative choral organization of the vocal department of the College of Music, has its weekly meeting. Until 1914 this organization was known as the Glee Club and its leaders had been Miss Phœbe Kreider, Mr. Will Phillips, and Mr. Max Swarthout. The latter, wishing to make the club a departmental organization, established and named what has since been recognized as the Madrigal Club.

The conductor of this chorus is Miss Rena Lazelle whose very efficient instruction makes each rehearsal one of inestimable value and delight to the members of the club. The course of study is one which deals with ensemble singing of the most well-known productions by the best composers.

This year, as in former years, the Madrigal Club afforded the public much enjoyment with its vesper service given before the Christmas holidays, and its fine spring concert, in which the college orchestra assisted the club.

On Friday evening of each week Music Hall is enlivened with a joyful sound from Mrs. Hartmann's studio where a group of college girls enthusiastically sing. Perhaps they sing just for the pleasure of singing together, or perhaps they practice for some college or town activity. The College Glee Club, the backbone of "all-college" stunts, has its weekly rehearsal under the inspiring and delightful leadership of Mrs. Hartmann.

In 1914, when it was decided to make the Glee Club an all-college organization, new rules were made whereby any college student whose voice had been approved by a committee composed of the officers of the club and the faculty advisor, might become a member.

In the same year two glee clubs were formed,—the Academy Glee Club under Miss Jean De Muth, and the College Glee Club under Miss Louise Miller. It was difficult to determine in which organization the greater enthusiasm and musical spirit existed. The following year both clubs were merged into one under the leadership of Mrs. Hartmann.

It has ever been the chief aim of the Glee Club to maintain and promote college spirit, and without this indispensable and helpful organization our college would be like a "ship without a sail."

The Studio

THE way to the studio? Well, the directions are not hard to follow, for you climb the stairs of music hall until there are no more stairs to climb, and you cannot help but find your destination—the art room.

Now the studio, geographically speaking, is a large, interesting room, filled with statues, art students, war posters and paintings; surrounded on the north and south by music rooms. The fact that they are music rather than any other kind of rooms is significant; for it makes possible the combination—music and art. Especially is this true in the spring and fall when the windows are open.

It is not very inspiring when working diligently over the long flowing lines of the "Winged Victory" or the sweet face of the "Maid of Lille," to hear from one side a cornet solo, on the other a violin, and a little farther down, perhaps, "Perfect Day," with piano accompaniment. Then, that the harmony may be unbroken, the organ tones swell and rumble from the chapel below, fairly making the floor vibrate. So the phrase, "art and music," loses its romantic sound and meaning. And even if we do not get inspiration from the music (there are exceptions when just one person is playing) we get much from other sources.

The days are always busy ones in the studio, but in these grim times when our boys are fighting and the women are working at home, the studio is busier than ever. On all sides, smocked and paint bedaubed, the girls stand, working hard on posters, urging the world to buy Liberty Bonds, War Saving Stamps, or give to the Red Cross. Those who are not in the inner circle scarcely realize how little play and much work is going on in this room at the top of music hall until the exhibit in the spring, when the studio is hung with tastefully arranged charcoal studies and paintings in oil and water color; also temhera, and pen and ink work, representing the commercial art; or an occasional display of posters hang in the front hall for a few hours' exhibition before being sent on their various missions. Only then do the students realize we have not been idle.

Many, too, have become acquainted with this room through the agency of the Friday afternoon sketch class, poor victims of Merlin or Marie, who are always beseeching some one to pose. How gracious these girls are, and how disappointed they must be when they find that the sketches resemble almost any one more than themselves.

But though we are merely amateurs, nevertheless, we have caught the spirit and hope some day to accomplish something in the great field of art. So we struggle on in this room at the top of music hall, feeling confident always of budding genius.

CLUBS



Dramatic Club



Officers

President Zay Wright
Vice President Mamie Kennedy
Secretary Margaret Towle
Treasurer Margaret Turner

Members

Marceline Armstrong
Ruth Harker
Esther Hetherlin
Alice Holder
Avonne Jameson
Lavina Jones
Mamie Kennedy
Mary McGhee
Magdaline Mershon
Nylene Pruitt
Louise Reed
Eleanor Sherrell
Margaret Shively
Miriam Sipfle
Margaret Towle
Marie Towle
Margaret Turner
Mabel Weiss
Gertrude Wilson
Isabel Woodman
Zay Wright
Nellie Lindley
Gertrude Cook
Lula Prettyman
Ruth Kuss
Vera Wardner
Huldah Harmel
Berniece Wood

The Dramatic Club

THE advent of the "new gym" to our college brought with it the thing that the Dramatic Club has wished for ever since it was first organized,—a real stage, with a drop curtain and plenty of room behind the scenes. This stage was used for the first time when three one-act plays were given before a large audience at the opening of the Gym. The plays were "The Pot o' Broth," a humorous presentation of the credulous and superstitious lower class Irishman, by Lady Gregory; the very artistic and deeply significant "Riders to the Sea," by Synge; and Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "Council Retained," a romantic comedy of Irish court life.

The girls, directed by Miss Constance, showed a remarkably fine grasp of the characters, many of which were exceedingly difficult to portray. And the two hundred dollars endowment pledge was also paid.

Last fall the club gave a comedy of Puritan days, "A Rose o' Plymouth Town." Marceline Armstrong was a vivacious and charming Rose. Eleanor Sherrell was the straight-forward and passionate Garrett Foster, and Nylene Prewitt was the villain, fascinating and wicked.

One of the most neeessary items of stage setting was the large and quaint settle which gave the final Puritan touch to the play. This settle is now the permanent property of the club and is proving itself useful as well as interesting looking. It will probably grace the stage of the new gymnasium when Dramatic clubs of years to come produce plays of long ago.

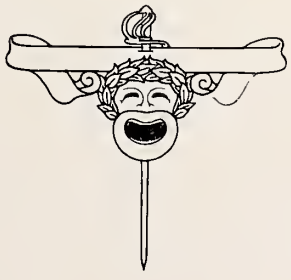
Owing to the growing popularity of the one-act play all over the country, three more were given this spring. They were all modern, but each one was entirely different from the others, except that all were delightful. "Mrs. Pat and the Law," by Mary Aldiss, was a comedy of the Irish washerwoman and her good-for-nothing husband, with an atmosphere of out-of-date clothes and soap suds. It was very sympathetically played, the humor not crowding out the underlying pathos. "Indian Summer"—which "warms but does not burn"—was the second of the group. It was written by Meilhac and Halevy and was a very bright and entertaining little play which everybody liked.

Richard Harding Davis' "Miss Civilization" was the last play of the evening. It was quite thrilling and blood-curdling; the moonlight coming in through the window added much to the intensity of the scene.

The orchestra proved itself entirely equal to the occasion and played very lovely pieces during the intermissions.

All of the plays have been directed by Miss Margaret Constance and it is due to her ceaseless effort that the plays were the finished productions they were. Much of the fine interpretation of characters is also due to her conception of the parts and of the ideas behind them.

The Dramatic Club has progressed far toward its aims this year and has met with not only artistic success, but material as well, and has been able to start a fund to buy an attractive back curtain which will be a joy to all actors and audience until the "New" gym has come to be old.





Scenes from Rose o' Plymouth Town







Home Economics Club

President Lois Carpenter *Vice President* (pro tem) . . Gladys Goodale

Secreatry-Treasurer Pauline Kennedy

THE Home Economics Club meets once a month for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with and of furthering an interest in the different phases of the Home Economics field. The topics of discussion this year have been of special interest, as they have dealt largely with the necessity and methods of conservation, including the importance of individual work in the home community in application of its principles. We are glad thus to infuse the spirit of patriotism into our studies.

We cannot fight, but we can help form that "second line of defense" and make the most of our resources here at home. Though patriotism is essentially an expression of the spirit, yet it is through material means that we show our patriotism. What could be of more vital economic value to-day than to learn how to save our food by discreet use of it that we might better supply our men at the front with this necessity of life? And so this year we have been eager to widen our interests, eager to learn how to do out "bit."

We are proud to note, too, that one of our members has distinguished herself in her work in the department. Honor has come to the Home Economics Club in that its vice president of last year, Margaret Pires, has been awarded a scholarship for graduate work at the University of Illinois for next year.





Le Cercle Francais

President Mary Whiteside

Secretary and Treasurer Ruth Merritt

"LE CERCLE FRANCAIS," organized in September, 1916, has grown rapidly and at present has an enrollment of ninety. Monthly meetings are held primarily for the study and discussion of the French people and their customs. The programs given on these occasions are of vital interest, especially at this time when we are so closely associated with France. Members of the Club have profited by the original farces written and presented at the meetings, and also by their correspondence with students in France.

This year we have adopted a little French orphan as one means of showing our appreciation and sympathy. Our "petit garcon" is four years old.

One Saturday evening was given over to the presentation of three very clever original sketches. At the close of the evening Dr. Harker announced that next year one hundred French girls are to be brought to the United States and are to continue their work in the women's colleges of the country. We feel very proud of I. W. C. in that we are to have two of these girls with us.



Holder Crays Leiter Russell
Johnson Hodgens Harper Crowder
Gerrick Houch Merschon
McKinney Satterthwaite Davis Hawkins
Imel Hinchman Kuss
Moore Weiss Rotruck Geist Jaquith

The INDIANA Club

EVERY year a number of loyal daughters of Hoosierdom come to the Illinois Woman's College, and slap! bang! here they are again! twenty-two of them. A long time ago, away back in Indiana, we heard that power came from organization. So, first thing, we organized that we might be more able to take our due part in I. W. C. To guide us thru we chose Anne Rotruck as president. To record our deeds we have Ruth Kuss, our secretary.

One of the prettiest and most enthusiastic occasions in the calendar of the club was the regular "Indiana night." There were special tables in the dining room and the old halls rang with "Indiana Loyalty," "D. P. U.," and other familiar songs. We even praised the good old "Wabash."

Every year the club aims to give a week-end house party for Indiana girls to interest them in our college in the hope that the number of Hoosiers at I. W. C. may be increased.

We are prepared to help wherever our college needs us. We can and will boost. Ask us and see. And so in between our busy round of days we expect to meet occasionally, just to become better acquainted and to enjoy each other for old time's sake and for Indiana's sake.



Town Girls

"MARY, for goodness sake, shut the door while that bell is ringing. It fairly ruins my ears!" "Girls, has Marie brought my lunch down yet? I don't know whether we have anything to eat, or not."

"I'd like to know what you girls find to bring for lunch these days! I just can't eat cold corn bread sandwiches, and there's not a bit of wheat bread at home any more."

"Why don't you look after the room better, Gladys? What's the matter with you? Didn't you know you were housekeeper this week? Well, it's on the bulletin board, plain as can be."

"Say, Miss Knopf liked my design to-day!"

"That's fine; but I got an A on an English XIII paper! Beat that if you can!"

Echoes like these may be heard any day from the town girls' room at lunch time,—the little room we call our "safety valve"; for as soon as the last lunch bell rings the door is shut and every one begins to talk at once. Here laughter and good cheer reign supreme until the 1:15 bell warns us of our afternoon duties. Then there is a general pell-mell rush for class rooms or the library, unless some luxuriously lazy bodies stay behind to take a short nap or finish an important bit of gossip.

But the life of a town girl is not all concerned with jolly noon-day lunches. It means eight o'clock classes on dark winter mornings—through rain or snow, it matters not. It means study in the library until dark falls again, and one's family coldly request that one linger at home long enough to get acquainted with the other members of the household. But in spite of our inconveniences and sacrifices, we are a merry group, as our pleasant noon-time associations in the college town girls' room will testify.

The Circus



"THE Circus is coming! Hooray! Hooray!" That cry is not always heard among the small boys who want to carry water for the elephants, but it sometimes penetrates the classic walls of Illinois Woman's College. It is not always a hot, dusty day when the circus arrives, with surging crowds passing in and out of a big flopping tent and a whole bevy of little ones. No, the circus at I. W. C. is complete in every detail, minus the unpleasant features.

The gym furnishes an excellent opportunity for the talented performers to show their prowess. May I not invite you to see for yourself? But before we go we must have our quarters and dimes all changed to pennies. Then we are able, without complications, to see the side shows on our way to the big tent, the gym.

Here on the left in front of the screened-off section is one whom you would not suspect was a dignified college girl, fully attired in a dashing red and black clown suit, calling to us to come and see the wild woman, just captured from the Fiji Islands. We enter and there behind bars, wild-eyed and tearing her hair, find the creature. (It's really just Susie Pratt.)

But we must hurry on, for in the next tent is the tallest person in the world. There, standing on a skirt draped chair with shoes under it, is Vivian Keplinger. A long pair of white gloves cover two sticks she holds in her hands, making them look like long arms.

But here we are tarrying again, and the big tent is waiting. Just a moment! Are these not musicians trained in Hawaii playing those soft, dreamy melodies, in that cushioned, dimly lighted corner? Yes, and they are real Hawaiians, too! But here is the big tent!

"Ten cents admission, please."

You can well imagine yourself in a brilliantly lighted circus tent. The prancing, handsome leather gym horse makes an excellent steed for the beautiful girls in their short, fluttering garments. See them as they jump off and on the madly galloping horse (that is, if you have a strong imagination). Then there are the marvelous acrobats climbing the rope and the overhand ladder. After we have watched a number of varied feats our attention is attracted to the shoot-the-shoots, which are free for all. There is a continual stream of girls in gym suits climbing up and sliding down. Even Mrs. Ellis and Dr. Harker condescend to take a turn.

Then tired, but still eager to see more, we start back out of the big tent door and down the lane between the little tents. Yes, we are tired, but not dusty, and we find electric lights cooler than sunshine.

One more halt. Here are two chefs standing in the door of the cookeri crying their wares. "Hot dogs! hot dogs! hot dogs for sale here!" So joyfully parting with our last penny we eat a fat bun with a wiener and pickle between.

It is all over, and like the small boy we go to bed to dream of when the circus will come again.

Fete of the Seasons



Queen of 1915 HELEN MCGHEE
Queen of the Fete ANNE FLORETH

Processional
Crowning of Queen
Dances of Seasons

SPRING
- Winding of May Pole
- May Dance
- Spirit of Spring . . . FRANCES WILKINSON
- Dance of Violets

SUMMER
- Daisies and Butterflies
- Tarantella
- Garland Dance

AUTUMN
- Jack Frost FRANCES SCONCE
- Swirling Leaves
- Harvest Dance

WINTER
- Spirit of Winter . . . ELEANOR WARNER
- Skaters
- Fairy Snowflakes

May Day

MAY Day! What a thrill passes through us when we even think of it! Yet our wildest imaginations do not begin to compare with the event itself. Months before, the seed of interest is sown when we are told that it is time to vote for the May Queen. The excitement increases during the series of elections which follow for the purpose of "boiling down" the list of candidates. Finally, there is a breathless suspense when the four highest draw lots for the honored position, the others being first in the queen's party of attendants. Perhaps we are glad, perhaps we are sorry; but whatever are our feelings we rally to a loyal support of the "Queen to be" and work with a will to make her fete the most beautiful of all and one to be long remembered.

What is it about May Day that entrances us? Why it is so different from all other events that we should feel that thrill at the mere mention of it? Perhaps it is because it lifts us out of the prosaic life on this old earth of ours and transports us on airy wings to a land of fantasy, the center of which is the Queen of the May and her faerie court, brilliant in its royal splendor.

Most beautiful was the "Fete of the Seasons" given in 1917. A hush of expectancy passed over the crowd as the queen of 1916 assumed the position of state upon the throne. Then they were aroused from this reverie by the clarion note of a horn, heralding the approach of the new Queen of

the May. Tiny tots strewed with flowers the path over which the majestic procession passed, while on either side shepherdesses, accompanied by sturdy men in Lincoln green, stood at courteous attention to do homage to their new Queen. A shade of sadness for a moment enveloped the scene, as the former Queen placed the crown upon her successor's head, a sadness inevitably felt at the passing of time, the old order yielding place to the new. Yet it was followed in a moment by a time of rejoicing when a group of choristers joined in praise to the Queen, their representative of the future and its bright possibilities, the promise of great things to come. Surrounded by her chosen companions, very lovely was she on her sylvan throne, the leafy background of which gave the very atmosphere of the woods. In expectancy she awaited the unique festival planned in her honor. From the four corners of the heavens were summoned the spirits of the seasons who with their attendants rendered dances characteristic of each. After a pretty May dance, English maidens, in accordance with the time-honored custom, wound in gold and white the Maypole, as a challenge to Spring to waken her sleeping attendants.

Suddenly a maiden in filmy gown of shimmering blue, the incarnation of the Spirit of Spring, appeared and floated or darted, as her mood might be, over the waiting earth, calling to the birds and the flowers to come out and be gay, for the Queen of the May was crowned. The modest violets were the first to appear, followed later by the daisies and the lazy butterflies of summer.

Mischievous Jack Frost, with his clever antics, then put to flight the frolics of summer and ushered in the autumn. Swirling leaves, bounding hither and thither, driven by the first chilly gusts of fall, reminded the harvesters that they must make haste or winter would overtake them. Soon the Spirit of Winter, attended by a jolly crowd of skaters, added a frolicsome touch of good cheer, while a myriad of fairy snowflakes came as a benediction, offering their small service in loyal homage to their Queen before fluttering away to join their companions. As the sound of a horn announced their departure the recessional of the Queen with her attendants and courtiers brought to a close the Fete of Seasons, one never to be forgotten in our college.




Vail & Vail
2329

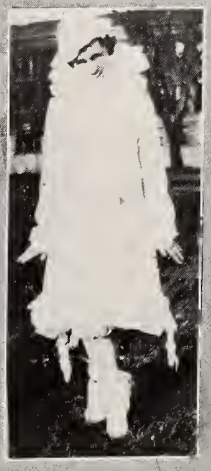







Vail & Vail
2328













Matanzas



Place—Riverview Cottage at Lake Matanzas.

Time—Sunset.

Cast of Characters—The Junior Class of Illinois Woman's College.

MABEL. Supper's all ready but straining the coffee. Say, it's the funniest stuff! I put an egg in to clear it and the egg just cooked into pieces, so they're all mixed in—I mean the pieces of egg. Is everybody here? Where's Pa and Bess and Zay? Where's Mrs. Ellis?

ELEANOR. They started out in a boat about three o'clock and the boat's still gone, so I suppose they're on the lake yet.

CORDELIA. Let's eat.

TINE. Well, I don't care; I think it's the limit for them to stay out there this long; they know what time we have supper, and whatever we may be, we are conventional. There are two books of etiquette on the refrigerator now.

ELEANOR. Cold storage etiquette!

CORDELIA. Let's eat!

BUSH. Listen, girls! I hear somebody calling for help. It sounds as if the're 'way 'way down the lake. That sounds exactly like Zay's voice.

LOUISE. I know that's our girls! I'm going down after Mr. Starkweather. He'll know what to do.

(Three fishermen appear.)

FISHERMAN. Them gals as went down the river b'longed to you all, didn't they? Well, I came on down to break the news. They got into the fast current on the river and their boat went down. Harry Starkweather heard 'em yell, I guess. He's down there, anyhow. He dived in twenty feet an' got out one gal, but they won't never get out the other bodies—river's too deep to drag down there. Well, g'bye. Fine evenin', ain't it.

(Pandemonium ensues. Kettles of water and blankets are heated by the calm and collected few; the others wring their hands and watch the landing.)

LOIS. I hear some one calling down the lake. Girls! Look! Look! Quick! Here comes a big boat with the three girls and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. Starkweather in it!

(Another pandemonium ensues. The boat arrives and the occupants are indiscriminately, but wildly embraced.)

MARY. For goodness sake, explain what happened!

BESS. Well, our oar lock broke and we were stranded on the island. We didn't want to stay on it all night, so we called for help and Mr. Starkweather came and rescued us; that's all.



MARY. And you aren't drowned, or anything, are you? Those horrid fishermen told us you were dead.

MR. STARKWEATHER. Oh, they passed us down the shore. Didn't you know that they were intoxicated? They especially dislike me because I give away the fish I catch, so I suppose that was their reason for telling you those wild stories.

CORDELIA. Say, let's eat.

Curtain

















Founders' Day

FOUNDERS' Day is a day which is dear to the heart of every loyal I. W. C. girl, not as a jocund holiday, for it is far more than a mere revel of idle pleasure, but as a day fraught with beautiful significance for every Illinois Woman's College daughter, whether past, present, or future.

To be sure, it starts out just like an ordinary holiday, with a late breakfast and no classes; but at chapel time we assemble, as usual, and find that many of the college girls of yesterday have gathered together to join us in doing honor to those courageous souls who learned the meaning of sacrifice in their determined efforts to found for us and for other women, yet to come, a college whose motto is a glorious trinity, "Faith, Service, and Knowledge." Among the former students we are always sure to see a number of gentle, sweet-faced old ladies who can and sometimes do tell us fascinating stories of college life as it used to be. As we listen to the many interesting and curious tales connected with the founding and growth of this, our Alma Mater, we begin to comprehend something of the meaning of those ideals which have always characterized the Illinois Woman's College, and a feeling of pride creeps into our hearts as we rise to sing once more our old familiar college song. Then, after the morning address, we enjoy one of those delightfully unusual and informal picnic lunches which are always gala events in our college calendar.

On last Founders' Day we celebrated our seventy-first anniversary and had as our guest of honor the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, who gave a very interesting address and incidentally had his picture taken by one of our ever ready kodaks. His address was based upon Man's Relation to His Government, Society and God. Because of Mr. Bryan's former connections with Jacksonville, as a student at Illinois College, he was reminiscent and recalled several incidents of his early college life, which at once won the good will and attention of his large audience.

Mr. Bryan said that man's relations to government, society, and to God are fundamental. Man enters these relations through necessity, and therefore he cannot avoid his responsibility toward any or all. In our politics we too often discuss details where principles should be the main object of discussion. Even though our government is the best form of government in the world, a nation only grows better as its people grow better.

Mr. Bryan defined the foundation principles of a truly republican government as those by which the people have a right to have what they want in their government, and in order to have democracy, the power to decide must rest with the people themselves. If they make mistakes they find them unprofitable and correct them, thus learning to make fewer in the future. When corruption creeps into the life of a republic, it is because the wants of a few are substituted in opposition to the wants of the many.

With regard to man's relation to society, Mr. Bryan stated that everything is a product of toil; it is either paid for, or the recipient sponges on the world. He then discussed the question of how much a man honestly collects from society; that is, how much he really earns. Summing up the discussion, Mr. Bryan showed that man must bring to society what he earns, in order that the ideal social relations may be attained.

In treating of the point, man's relation to God, Mr. Bryan made it clear that this is the greatest relationship of all. Without a proper relation to God, man is incapable of bearing a proper relationship to his government and to society. In conclusion, Mr. Bryan said that the three relationships were expressed in the commandments of Love. Man is ready to live up to his responsibility of a citizen where he measures up to these commands: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."



"Ye Witches Ball"

"Double, double, boil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Witches, spooks and fairies all,
Trip it to the Witches' Ball."

ALONG about the close of golden October, when days grow short and nights grow long and every night is darker than the night before, Ye Witches do a solemn council hold. It is all very secret and mysterious at first until finally it is whispered abroad that Ye Witches are not brewing mischief, as might be expected, but are merely planning their annual Hallowe'en ball, to which we common mortals are to be invited. So on the darkest of all dark nights, when timid persons like to stay indoors by the firelight where spirits fear to enter, the brave lassies of I. W. C. don curious attire and fearlessly find their way to the chosen place of revelry.

On last Hallowe'en our familiar "gym," in the lurid light of grinning Jack-o'-lanterns, assumed a weird aspect. Gaunt spectres walked hand in hand with gentle fairies and bizarre gypsy maidens. Spooks hob-nobbed with witches and fortune tellers. Everything was strange and unnatural. It was no wilder scene than this which made old Tam o' Shanter's hair stand on end, yet we of I. W. C. took the whole scene as a matter of course and heartily enjoyed it. Indeed when refreshments finally made their appearance, we waxed hilarious and our enthusiasm for the College Specials, Ye Witches who conjured up this party, knew no bounds.





Thanksgiving

ONE of the many facts which an I. W. C. Freshman has to learn is that Thanksgiving Day at our college is all that a Thanksgiving Day should be, and is really only a little less delightful than a holiday at home. As the event draws near, the poor dears, in their ignorance, are apt to become a little peevish and to raise a dreary lamentation, the burden of which is, "I want to go home." But we who are older and wiser only smile knowingly and try to reassure them with glowing reports of the joys which are in store for us, and then, in order to keep their minds off their imaginary misery, tell them that custom decrees that the Freshmen may have the pleasant duty of decorating the dining-room.

Then, when the all-important time is close at hand, while they are secretly buzzing about, transforming our mealtime rendezvous into an enticing banquet hall, the rest of us make frequent trips to the stations and return with dozens and dozens of jubilant visitors who could not resist the delights of spending another Thanksgiving in their college home.

We start the day off with an unusual proceeding, known as a corridor breakfast, at which we all assemble, with plates and cups, around a table laden with oceans of creamed potatoes, a whole bakeshop of buns and doughnuts, with gallons of coffee, etc. Yet ere we are aware, this unbelievable quantity of "eats" has utterly disappeared. The morning passes all too quickly with its rounds of pleasant visits and church service.

After church, we don our party gowns and gather in the big hall to await the arrival of the faculty. When we reach the dining-room we find it brightened by the festive glow of numerous candles and transformed into a place of beauty with lovely flowers and ferns, needing only the radiant, happy faces and dainty gowns of various hues to complete the artistic whole. When the delicious dinner is served, if any trace of homesickness has survived it quickly disappears, and we feel glad we are here as part of this joyous scene. The feast of good things is followed by a feast of wit and wisdom, sparkling toasts by both faculty and students.

When dinner is over, there is always a surprise awaiting us. Perhaps it is a stunt or recital, or perhaps a "movie show" of our very own. And so the golden hours slip by, and the merry, eventful day is enough to convince any Freshman that our college is a pleasant home, even on Thanksgiving Day.

Washington's Birthday



JUST because one George Washington could not tell a lie and just because he was the first to live in the White House, and because he had a wife named Martha, we, the ultra-modern, we, the girls of I. W. C., annually exchange our carefully cultivated ear flaps for powdered curls and our fashionable bustled skirts for flaring hoops and ruffles, in imitation of the stately belles of 1776. Ordinarily, we being ultra-modern, as has been said before, find little time to rue the fact that I. W. C. is a manless institution, but on this occasion, as we go back in fancy to an age when Bachelor girls were unheard of, we find it necessary, in order to insure an enjoyable evening to a host of Colonial coquettes, to supply a few representatives of the masculine gender; and so a pair of gym bloomers and a suit coat with its inside out transform many a dainty maid into a dashing cavalier. With a little powder, a little rouge, and a beauty spot or two, together with some borrowed clothes and a little ingenuity, I. W. C. produces an illusion of the past so realistic that we unconsciously fall into the stately tread and courtly manners of our Revolutionary ancestors. Like them we sing the old time songs and trip through the figures of a stately minuet. Then, as the evening draws to a close, we, like Cinderella, rush away to brush the powder from our hair and become once more just rollicking, frolicking, merry girls of to-day.





Banquets and Parties

Φ N Thanksgiving Banquet	October 1	Peacock Inn
Λ A M At Home	December 1	Colonial Inn
B L Reception to Old Members	December 1	B L Hall
Θ Σ Tea		Θ Σ Hall
B L Christmas Party	December 18	B L Hall
Φ N At Home	January 12	Φ N Hall
Θ Σ At Home	January 19	Colonial Inn
Λ A M Farewell Tea for Dorothy Pinkston		Θ Σ Hall
Θ Σ Pledges' At Home		Λ A M Hall
Λ A M Pledges' At Home	February 17	
Λ A M Initiation Banquet	February 25	Colonial Inn
B L Initiation Banquet	February 25	B L Hall
Λ A M Pledges' Waffll Breakfast		Λ A M Hall
Φ N New Girls' Tea to Old Girls	February 28	Peacock Inn
Φ N Initiation Banquet	March 9	Peacock Inn
Θ Σ Initiation Banquet	March 9	Colonial Inn
B L Pledges' At Home		B L Hall

The Junior-Sophomore Essay Contest

AT no time throughout the year is there more real college spirit and good-natured class competition shown than in our annual Junior-Sophomore essay contest. Then, the Juniors with their allies, the Freshmen, and the Sophomores, aided by their sister class, the Seniors, compete for the prize given to the reader of the best original essay.

This year, that long anticipated event occurred on Saturday evening, February sixteenth, in the chapel. The enthusiasm and the interest began promptly with the arrival of the two classes, the Juniors, marching in with the Freshmen, all adorned with jaunty blue ties, followed by the Sophomores and Seniors each wearing a perky cap of yellow, the Sophomore color.

For a few minutes class "pep" had full play in the songs and yells which each class gave for her representatives. Then, after Dr. Harker's word of introduction, the contestants appeared, with essays which were even more enjoyable than the display of enthusiasm before them.

The subjects of the essays were largely topics of current interest. Their composition gave evidence of careful thought and organization and the presentation was made in a pleasing manner.

The program for the evening was:

Play and Its Development.....Ruth Harker
China's Story.....Alice Haines
The Washington Square Players.....Eleanor Sherrell
Two Direct Sources for the Historian of the Great War
Mildred Barton
Marie Antoinette and Her Court.....Myra Kirkpatrick
The War and Modern Surgical Science.....Esther Hetherlin

Miss Kirkpatrick, who won second prize, gave a delightfully realistic description of the dainty little French queen, Marie Antoinette, and the life of her court, and in her splendid character portrayal made this famous woman really live before us.

This year it was the Sophomore contestant who won the first prize, Miss Esther Hetherlin, who in her essay, "The War and Modern Surgical Science," brought us back from a contemplation of Marie Antoinette to the great needs of the present. This essay showed the writer's intense interest in her subject, a clear, well-defined grasp of details, and a fine prose style.

War Work

SHALL we write of our war work to show that we are patriotic? Shall we tell of the great amount of knitting that has been done by our busy girls; how it became customary to knit in the dining-room, at various meetings, and, in fact, at every possible moment; and how any one who ventured to knit on brightly colored yarn was nearly ostracized? We are glad to mention this to show that the I. W. C. girl is awake to the conditions of to-day and is eager to take her part in the crisis.

Not content with knittting, we finally arranged for our own Red Cross Work Room where, under competent instructors, we finished box after box of snowy white surgical dressings. At Christmas time, over one hundred gift bags, filled with little necessities and extras that would be appreciated in the trenches, were made for the American soldiers in France. One group of girls made interesting scrap books hoping that they would cheer the lonely hours of men at the front or in the hospitals.

Do we mention the war work we have been engaged in to show that the I. W. C. girl is eager to do all she can to help to make the world safe for democracy? Yes; and for a greater reason. It is to show that everyone has learned the value of minutes and has learned to make use of every one of them. No longer does the college girl sit and merely chat; instead, her busy fingers keep up with her chatting by hurrying a sock or a sweater on to completion. Let the I. W. C. student take this with her as one of the most important lessons she has learned this year, and let her pass on to others this great principle of using every minute to good advantage.

Let our slogan be, "Every possible spare moment for war work!" and let us remember these words of Robert Service:

"Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!"

The Student Friendship War Fund

AS the students came strolling into chapel on the first of November, 1917, they were confronted by some large letters on a board on the chapel platform. The mystic symbols "S. F. W. F.," held no meaning for the larger part of the student body and the substitution of "speakers" for the faculty excited much curiosity. But this was soon appeased by the explanation of said speakers; the Student's Friendship War Fund would be used, they said, to supply high moral and Christian influences in and around the various training camps for our soldiers here and abroad. Would our college join the ranks of the student forces of America in order that right would conquer might?

The call to arms was answered promptly with military firmness and precision. Recruiting stations were established, where every one from Senior to Academy Special enlisted for the service of her country and of humanity. Every girl was asked to make her own fight and hence additional pecuniary reinforcements from the Home Guard were rejected. The most war-like and self-sacrificing spirit was shown by the Sophomore forces, who marched candy-less and sundæ-less for a month and a half.

The powers had forced a goal of one thousand dollars on us in order to defend our main line trenches, but by a strong movement of all companies combined we went "over the top" in the first drive to protect our country's noble program of a world democracy.



"I'm Going 'Ome to Blighty"

ONE rainy day in the latter part of January, 1917, semester examinations at the Illinois Woman's College were dragging themselves toward some termination, satisfactory or otherwise. They had ruthlessly taken their toll of helpless women and even at their conclusion they had left no hope to their victims, for there was promise of coming devastation in the words,

"Next lesson, chapter seven, with twenty-five pages of outside reading!"

Then, as a retreat was finally called at the final battle of the seige, by the ringing of the three-fifteen bell, the soldiers made a slow orderly exit from the field. They stumbled into their camps behind the firing lines; but, even from the fifth floor of Harker Hall, they could still hear echoes and re-echoes of the battle's roar. They tried courageously to think of the medals and of the war crosses they might possibly receive for their bravery; but what if Major ———— should not recommend them for an A or a B? What if she felt that they had made their retreat too soon, too carelessly, and too precipitately?

And then, some hearty soldier who had not fought in the last two battles, came in where several shamed and fainting soldiers were crouching around a bivouac radiator. She had had no more formidable foes with which to contend than legions under the command of General Bach and Beethoven, while those just returned from the trenches had been sent out into the No Man's Land of Psychology, their division commanders, Memory and Imagination, being unable to cope hand-to-hand with General James' men.

"Why, look you, gallant soldiers!" she said. "Your war begrimed souls are stained with the blood of many battles. You must go immediately to the hospital or you will lose the use of that wounded portion of your anatomy where fun and jollity used to reign!"

"Can't Surgeon Miner do something for us?" one of the group asked weakly.

"No, the Infirmary is full! You must be taken at once to the base hospital at Scott's where the famous Dr. Jack Pickford, a specialist on wounds like yours, can surely heal you—if you don't get there too late!"

So it happened that the little group of soldiers was taken, under the escort of some Red Cross internes and some seasoned veterans, to the hospital two blocks away. They had a tiresome journey, but had the satisfaction of hearing from some warriors just returning that Dr. Pickford could surely cure them by his new prescription, "Seventeen." They went into the operating room limping and skeptic, hardly caring whether they were cured or not.

But the period of convalescence soon began. Little by little the famous doctor and his assistants wove back together the broken tissues, which, when in their proper relations, meant happiness and hope. The surgeon performed this marvelous feat by making his patients live over their trials, through his own, and by causing them to see how immaterial they really were in comparison to the big, wholesome things of life.

The little group left the hospital not as it had come, but with heads tossed high, and with squared shoulders, ready and willing to brace themselves against the skirmishes and battles of the morrow.

The Alumnae

THE message of the Alumnæ to the Illiwoco this year is one of buoyant happiness, so full has the year been of plans and enthusiasm. Our plans first took definite form last Thanksgiving when we had our first fall reunion. So many times it had been suggested that we have a mid-winter reunion, but definite steps toward it had never been taken until last fall. Its great success assures us that it will become one of the many delightful customs of I. W. C.

The reunion began with an informal business meeting in Phi Nu Hall on Friday afternoon, November thirtieth. There was a general discussion of ways and means for college advancement and suggestions for the work of the association. After the business meeting we gathered in the Social Room which is new to many of us, where some of the faculty welcomed us to a roaring fire where we gossiped in groups over the tea cups. Here we were glad to see the exhibit of Miss Knopf's work. Her delightful pictures, the fire light, the hospitality of the tea table and the general enthusiasm and pleasure of being together again all added to the many memories which I. W. C. has made dear. Friday evening the town alumnæ had arranged two short plays that were given in the new gymnasium on the stage that is a special delight to those of us who remember the limitations of the Music Hall stage, where scenery was shifted in the dark, or earlier still, the old chapel stage where possibilities were so meager that they would have frightened a less courageous spirit than that of Woman's College girls. The proceeds from the plays, amounting to sixty dollars, were given to the Army Y. M. C. A. fund in the name of the Alumnæ Association.

Saturday morning found us gathered again for a short business meeting when definite plans for Commencement were undertaken. At noon we met at Peacock Inn for luncheon. About seventy-five women enjoyed renewing old associations and greeting I. W. C. daughters of other years. Here was conceived the plan of placing in the new gymnasium some definite memorial in honor of Miss Ciss Eleanor Holmwood, who served the college so enthusiastically from 1905-7, and whose persistent clinging to the vision of a real gymnasium sowed in many hearts the seed of interest that has finally blossomed into the beautiful building we now have on our campus. Definite action was taken toward gathering a fund for a tablet of recognition to be placed in the gymnasium this Commencement time. After the luncheon there were short talks by Dr. Harker, Mrs. Lambert, and our president, Mrs. Emily Allen Fay. Then the reunion formally closed. There were, however, society reunions and banquets during the afternoon and evening and many heart-to-heart talks of the days "when we were here"—the closest links which bind her daughters to the college.

Surely with such a reunion to keep alive our interest Commencement should be the banner celebration that we hope for. Since this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Harker's service to the college, we want this Commencement time to be one of great joy for him. If our pocketbooks are "lean and hungry looking" this spring, we can show him the greatest enthusiasm and loyalty, which are priceless gifts, without which the college could not exist. Particularly do those of us who have been through college under Dr. Harker feel his inspiration, and our college loyalty is loyalty to him. He has taught us the value of having visions,—we learn to think big things, to live big things, and to believe that nothing is unattainable. The realization that he has meant this to us is our best gift to him.

On February twenty-third, at the home of Mrs. Leo McCutcheon Thompson, the Alumnæ Association was at home to the students and friends of the college to welcome Miss Carter, the new dean, who takes the place of Miss Mothershead, whose sudden death during the Christmas holidays came as a

shock to us to whom she had endeared herself by her interest and loving help during her five years of service at the college.

Perhaps the most pretentious task undertaken by the executive committee of the Association the past year has been the revision of the constitution, for which we are particularly indebted to Mrs. Belle Short Lambert, Mrs. Leo McCutcheon Thompson, and Miss Janette Powell. There have been many minor revisions but the main clause extends the membership of the Association to include all former students, who are to be admitted to equal privileges with the Alumnæ, save the one privilege of holding office. To them also is given the right to become life members in the Association by the payment of the fee of twenty-five dollars.

There has also been undertaken the publication of a new Alumnæ register. In order to facilitate the registering of Alumnæ and the change of address so frequently necessary, a card index system was authorized at the Thanksgiving meeting. By this we hope much more accurately to record and keep up to date the data about our alumnæ and former students. In this work we ask the coöperation of our members and friends. We are striving also to work out better locality lists with a view toward establishing closer bonds between I. W. C. girls in scattered communities.

Commencement plans are now well under way. There will be the usual reunions with able speakers and some special honor for Dr. and Mrs. Harker. It had been our hope to be able to complete at least one of the remaining scholarships by June, but for evident reasons it has been hard to push them to the line of completion, tho something, of course, has been accomplished. It was our aim to be able to finish Dr. Harker's professorship and the fact that we have not, does not mean any lessening of our loyalty. In fact, we believe that loyalty has increased as the material expression of that loyalty has been limited. The following table shows the status of the funds, but no amount of figuring can sum up our good wishes for the success and prosperity of I. W. C.

President Jacques Memorial Scholarship; needed to complete, $2133.
President Andrus Memorial Scholarship; needed to complete, $440.
President McCoy Memorial Scholarship; needed to complete, $238.
President De Motte Memorial Scholarship; needed to complete, $2206.

Chair Endowments (required $40,000 each).
The William F. Short Chair, received $6309.16.
English Language and Literature.
The Joseph R. Harker Chair, received $3045.64.
Bible and Religious Education.




As Time Goes By
H.C. Pursell.

SEPTEMBER

16. Sun. Thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight o'er our spirits.

17. Mon. A few early birds alight.



18. Tues. Girls! Confusion! More girls!

19. Wed. Less confusion. A few stragglers still straggle in.

20. Thurs. Back to our books. Don't forget your yellow slip.

21. Fri. Hominy for breakfast.

22. Sat. Dates with new girls for Y. W. reception.

23. Sun. An epidemic of homesickness proves especially treacherous among the Freshmen. New girls at home to callers.

24. Mon. Pitner picnic. Juniors engage pies for Matanzas.

25. Tues. We travel all over town on a treasure hunt. Watermelon.

26. Wed. Sophs engage in a beauty and brain contest for Senior flunkies. Victors—Goodale, Harris, Houck, Moody.



27. Thurs. Baffled! No pies for the Juniors.

28. Fri. Anticipation.

29. Sat. Realization. Seniors try to kidnap a gentleman's luggage.
Sophs and Freshies amuse themselves in "Jim."

30. Sun. Still at Matanzas.
Did you say the boat was stranded?
Mr. Leslie preaches his first sermon at Centenary.

OCTOBER



1. Mon. Juniors entertain the Honorable Mr. Starkweather at sumptuous banquet. Fish! Home, sweet home. Alas!
2. Tues. Recuperation.
 Mr. Leslie comes to chapel.
3. Wed. Only 78 days till vacation.
4. Thurs. David Warfield in the "Music Master," and it was no laughing matter.
5. Fri. "Fizzical" exams.
 Everyone eager to get in the swim.
6. Sat. "Towser must be tied to-night."
 Serenade. Lights out. Shades drawn. Silent appreciation.
7. Sun. Fine crop of special delivery letters. How was your harvest?
8. Mon. Geology class field trip.
9. Tues. Regular meeting of the Radiator Club.
10. Wed. Sophomores begin to appreciate English literature.
 Mr. Leslie visits the class.



12. Fri. Magdalene Mershon discovers the whereabouts of the public library.
13. Radiator Club again.
15. Tues. Y. M. and Y. W. conference in Chicago.
17. Wed. We have a fire drill.
18. Thurs. General celebration in view of coming holiday.
19. Fri. Founders' Day. William Jennings Bryan speaks.
 Cinnamon rolls!
20. Sat. Honolulu Girls at the Grand.
 Ruth M. makes a trip to Bloomington.
21. Sun. Dr. Harker talks to us after breakfast.
22. Mon. Snow! I. W. C. patronizes the penny sale.
23. Tues. Miss Booth-Clibborn in chapel.
24. Wed. Much excitement. We go in strong for the Student Friendship War Fund.
25. Thurs. Leaf raking and jollification in "Jim."
26. Fri. Sophs sign pledge. No more Ehnies. No more Peacocks. No more nothin'.
27. Sat. Hallowe'en party.
28. Sun. Regular meeting of the South Bend Club.
29. Mon. Some of our Freshmen display marked dramatic ability.

NOVEMBER

1. Thurs. The Radiator Club had a splendid attendance at their regular morning session.

3. Sat. Mr. Leslie visits Bible class.
Seniors are still observing capless and gownless days.

4. Sun. Something happened but we can't remember what it was.

5. Mon. We are going to do so many things to-day, but we didn't do a thing. Oh, yes; we went to the movies.



6. Tues. Got up for breakfast. Studied. Went to eight o'clock classes.

7. Wed. Only 40 days till vacation.

8. Thurs. Mr. Jessen's recital.

10. Sat. The elevator squeaks. Won't some one donate a little cold cream.

15. Thurs. No rest for the weary. Everybody out and give nine rahs for student government.

17. Sat. The Sophs aspire to privileges.

18. Sun. First of Mr. Stearns' vesper organ recitals.



20. Tues. Mr. Leslie attends a Logic class.

22. Thurs. Miss Moore's violin recital.

23. Fri. Where are the I. B.'s?

27. Tues. Intimations of the celebrated Essay Contest.

28. Wed. Our "old girls" begin to arrive.

29. Thurs. Turkey Day. Yes, dear Fresh, the faculty serve breakfast in our rooms. Jazz Band. Roller skating in the "Jim."

30. Fri. The alumnæ are "stage struck."
Mr. Stearns makes his debut as a matinee idol.



DECEMBER

1. Sat. Just this month. We begin singing Christmas songs in chapel. A sure sign that it's most time to go home.

3. Mon. We begin our Christmas shopping.

4. Tues. Wonders will never cease. Sophs get their privileges. Great rejoicing.

5. Wed. Wheatless day.

6. Thurs. Bathless day. Water growing scarce.

7. Fri. Swimming pool closed for a few days.

8. Sat. "Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Milton, a fine boy, named John; gives promise of being quite a literary student."—*London Times,* Dec. 8. 1608.

11. Blue Tuesday.

12. Wed. Annual lecture on manipulation of fire extinguishers by Prof. A. E. Metcalf.

14. Fri. Mr. Leslie in chapel this morning.

15. Sat. Water famine continues.

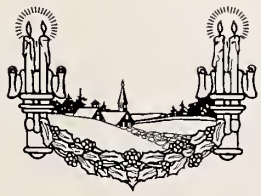
17. Mon. Dramatic Club play. Wasn't it perfectly splendid?



18. Tues. Only two more days.

19. Wed. How can we ever wait.

20. Thurs. Oh, bliss! The Jackies band. Real live Jackies in the dining room, and "Homeward Bound" all on the same day.



JANUARY



8. Tues. Down to earth again. We learn with sorrow of Woodson's departure. Those of us who did not stay for the Jackies are entertained by those who did, by tales of those "Jackies."

9. Wed. Freshmen adopt motto, "Work for exams are coming."

10. Thurs. Still more Freshmen themes.

11. Fri. On account of her heavy schedule in the Bachelor of Matrimony Department, Gert Wilson finds it necessary to resign her position as head monitor.

14. Mon. Heatless day.

15. Tues. "Ella" is washed. What a lovely, clean floor she has.

17. Thurs. Miss Lazelle's voice recital.

18. Fri. So cold that nothing happened.

19. Sat. We go to the same old classes.

20. Sun. A good many church cuts.

21. Mon. Say, did you know that the maids have gone on a strike? Yes, all of them have gone. We're all going to serve and do the dishes. Come on back and sign up.

22. Tues. It's lots of fun. No, I want to serve breakfast. All right, then, I'll do it this noon.



23. Wed. We hear that Winnifred Sale sneezes.

25. Fri. Miss Carter arrives.

26. Sat. Reception for Miss Carter.

27. Sun. New maids in the dining room. We take off our aprons with a sigh.

28. Mon. The Sophs select Chaucer for their class poet.

29. Tues. WE STUDY.

30. Wed. The melancholy days have come.

31. Thurs. More exams. Good luck, unlucky ones.



FEBRUARY

1. Fri. We are still taking them.

2. Sat. 4:30. The last one is over.

3. Sun. We are feeling more like ourselves again. No use crying over spilled milk, say we.

4. Mon. The Sophs are rejoicing to hear that there wasn't a single flunk in English Lit. The Week of Prayer begins.

7. Thurs. Day of Prayer for colleges.

8. Fri. Nothing doing.

9. Sat. Still doing the same.

10. Sun. Freshman Y. W. C. A. meeting.

11. Mon. The Radiator Club held another meeting.

12. Tues. Did any one hear Winifred Sale sneeze?



14. Thurs. Indiana Club special tables. Freshmen vs. Junior-Senior. Good for the Freshies.

15. Fri. "Le Cercle Francais" meets.

16. Sat. Home Economics Club had Valentine tea. The Essay contest. Sophomores present Juniors with a handsome fern.

20. Wed. We start over the top in the Northfield program.

21. Thurs. Everybody members. We are over.

22. Fri. Town Girls' tea for Miss Carter.

23. Sat. We are all Georges and Marthas. We had an unusually fine entertainment, thanks to Mrs. Hartmann and Miss Knopf.

26. Tues. To be or not to be. White bread or brown.

27. Wed. Good news. Woodson is back. He couldn't stand it in Chicago. He had to come back "where there are educated people."
Only two more days to make up gym cuts.

28. Thurs. Zay Wright spent the day in the gym.



1. Fri. Where, oh where, are the caps and gowns?

3. Sun. Did I get a special?

4. Mon. Nice day!

7. Thurs. First meeting of study classes.

12. Tues. Lessie Hastings the first recruit for the pest house. Chicken pox!!

13. Wed. Junior fern thrives.

14. Thurs. German 10 listens to a lecture on matrimony.

15. Fri. A deep, dark secret. What's going to happen to-morrow?

16. Sat. At last! The Seniors don their dignity. Aren't they gorgeous? Special Senior tables.

17. Sunday again.



18. Mon. Senior breakfast at Marceline's.

20. Wed. Miss Thompson wears a middy.

21. Thurs. Fourth Academy entertains Seniors.

23. Sat. Mrs. Hartmann goes to chapel.

25. Mon. Nothing doing.

26. Tues. Ruth Merritt receives word that Coy has the mumps.

27. Wed. George Wade Jenkins pays his first visit to I. W. C.
Mrs. Hartmann and Mrs. Colean enjoy a very delightful automobile ride.

28. Thurs. Marion Kennish takes double cuts to go home, reducing her grade from A+ +to A+.





APRIL

2. Tues. Grace Harris takes a nap in English Lit.

3. Wed. Eggs for breakfast. Thrilling tales of the "wonderful eats" we had during Easter vacation.

4. Thurs. George Wade Jenkins is here for dinner.

5. Fri. George Wade Jenkins again.

6. Sat. Junior class acquires nine pair of overalls and a reputation for digging.
Miss Johnston shows us how to pitch a basket ball with dignity.

9. Sun. Miss Nelson tells of interesting Y. W. C. A. work in France.

8. Mon. No more Warren; no more cowbell.

9. Tues. Foiled! The cowbell as usual.

10. Wed. Good day to stop. Now for a nap.










JOKES
R.M. Fortune.







COLLEGE INFIRMARY

PATIENT	DISEASE	REMEDY	REMARKS
Gert Wilson	Unsatisfied hunger	Feed constantly	Will be outgrown
Agnes Miller	Perpetual lateness	A little more time	Recovery possible
Marie Iliff	Study fever	Trip to Ehnie's	Hopeless
Edna Crozine	Ice creamitis	Lack of money	Shown in increased weight
Grace Hasenstab	Chronic smile	None discovered	Will never be outgrown
Everyone at times	Broken pocketbook	Good friend	Misery suffered in repeated attacks

□——□

Girls' faults are many,
Boys have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

□——□

CONNOTATIONS

Green Seniors
Rocks Education
Nine o'clock Who's going to Ehnie's?
Short Mrs. Moellering
Rhythm M. Whiteside

□——□

Freshie: How many subjects are you carrying?
Soph: I'm carrying one and dragging four.

□——□

Miss W. (discussing the milling of wheat): Now, what is the wheat called after it goes through the rollers?
G. G.: Rolled oats.

□——□

MAYBE THERE WILL

Z. S.: The taxi is coming for us at 1:30.
E. G. H.: Oh, have you ordered a taxi? Will there be room in me for it?

□——□

Bright Freshman: On what day does Thanksgiving come this year?

Don't
Be conceited—the Sophomores.

Don't
Buy a "Greetings;" your roommate may let you see hers.

Don't
Meow like a cat. Some one may think you are one.—L. Shoop.

Don't
Study your lessons; you may not have to recite.

Don't
"Give up the ship."—Lawrence. See M. Armstrong.

Don't
Work for a job on the Illiwoco. The Staff.



IMPOSSIBILITIES

To cut anything but corners.
To get a chaperone.
To sleep through breakfast.
To get a joke for the annual.
To beat the Freshman team.
For Win to sneeze without letting everyone know about it.
To get Scott's and Weber's to advertise.
To go to Ehnie's at night without being a delivery wagon.
To keep Zay quiet.

F. M. (in Logic class): College spirit is like a fire. It has to be kindled, and it dies out whenever there is any oppression from above.

THE SLEEPY SIX

Irma Taylor
Kitty Bunting
Bess Seward
Joe Eddy
Louise Copley
Louise Satterthwaite

Whistle—Three Yawns.
Motto—Sleep on and on and on.
Flower—Red Poppy.

Freshmen *respect* and fear her.
Sophomores RESPECT and admire her.
Juniors RESPECT and revere her.
Seniors **RESPECT** and love her.

Miss Johnston

□——□

A DISCIPLE OF HUME

S. D. It's my turn to clean the room, but I don't mind. I can just sit down and think it isn't dirty and then it will be all right.

□——□

Z. W.: I'm going to write my next essay on cases.

Mrs. E.: What are they? The other day I saw a sign in the butcher's window, "Sausage casings." Are they the same?

□——□

Marion I. (looking at diagram of brain in which is shown the location of the higher psychical faculties): Why, Miss Benson, I haven't anything there in that corner.

Miss Benson: Why, er, I don't suppose you have.

□——□

M. A. (writing to L. in the Town Girls' room): I don't know anything else to say.

M. T.: Ring off, then.

M. K.: There's no ring on— Yet.

□——□

M. Kennish: Dr. Harker told us not to go to "Daddy Long Legs," but to save the money for the war fund.

Mrs. Ellis: But Mr. Jessen is going to give a recital here to-night, isn't he?

M. K.: Yes, he'll have to be our "Daddy Long Legs."

□——□

Z. S.: Mag, have you any vinegar?

M. M.: Just a little.

Z. S.: Oh, I'm afraid that won't be enough.

M. M.: There would have been more if Mary hadn't mistaken it for mop oil.

□——□

R. B.: Say, Miriam, if you could sing we'd have a duet, if I could sing.

□——□

B. S.: You have your hair done differently to-day, haven't you?

L. C.: No, it's just coming down. That's all.

□——□

L. B. (to waiter): I want some chocolate pie a la mode with ice cream on it.

A WOMAN'S "IF"

By F. H. H.

If you can face the sun when all the others
 Are sitting with their backs toward the light,
If you can look so nice that your own brothers
 Admit that you find favor in their sight;
If you can talk—and not be always talking;
 Or being screamed at, keep your tones quite low;
If you can do a good two hours' walking
 And not complain of blisters on your toe;
If you can bear to see the socks you've knitted
 Used by your swain to clean his motor bike;
Or smile to see your greatest rival fitted
 With just the sort of costume that you'd like;
If you can buy a hat—a French "creation"—
 A hat that puts all others in the shade;
And wear the hat, and cause a great sensation—
 And never tell a soul how much you paid;
If you can cry and still remain attractive;
 If you can see a joke and tell one, too;
If you can hear them talk and stay inactive
 In any scandal, spreading their's to do;
If you can play at bridge without revoking;
 Or read a book—and not start at the end;
If for your sake a man will quit stock-broking
 And forthwith start his evil ways to mend;
If you can greet with every sign of pleasure
 A man who eats his gravy with his knife,
He'll be convinced that you're a perfect treasure,
 And what is more—he'll take you for his wife!

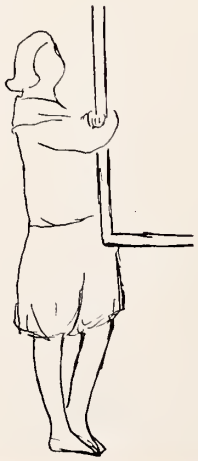
□——□

B. S.: Have you seen my belt any place around the room?
C. R.: No, did you put it around the room?

□——□

TO MY GYM CUTS

Oh, my beautiful gym cuts!
I lost them
In a maze of term papers and excuses,
And evaluation points.
And now I go to gym three times a week.
Oh, my beautiful gym cuts!





FRATS REPRESENTED

Beta Theta Pi
Phi Gamma Delta
Beta Upsilon
Chi Psi
Lambda Omicron Rho
Tau Kappa Epsilon
Phi Delta Theta
Kappa Sigma
Phi Kappa Sigma

□——□

LOYAL ORDER OF MOONEYIKES

Colors—Red and Yellow

Flower—Pickle

Motto—"Diamonds are Trumps"
Pin—*Any good frat pin*

Sorores in Facultate

Moellering

Rowe

Shriner

Shoop

Thirty-second Degree Members

Carpenter
Henerhoff
Jameson
Leiter
Merritt
Molz
Onken
Priestman
Rexroat
Scrimger
Terhune
Towle
Walker
Webster
Westphal
Wilson

Deserving Honorable Mention

Dietrick—frequent calls—numerous boxes of candy.
Lindley—letter a day.
Ringsdorf—letter a day.



SONGS OF THE WAR BREAD DOUGH

There's onion in the heart of me,
I'm full of grated cheese,
Black walnuts are a part of me,
I'm fellow to meat pie.
Good beefsteak I'm conserving,
Meat substitute am I,
A-sizzling, a-sizzling, as in the pan I fry.

□——□

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

The loaf that once was white as snow grows grayer and more gray,
And turns a darker, sicklier hue with each succeeding day.
It used to be: "Conserve the wheat!" It's now: "Conserve the bran!"
And careful conservationists are doing all they can
To teach the bakers who purvey the daily bread we eat
To substitute new substitutes for substitutes for wheat.

The butter that in happier days was furnished by the cow
Is made from lard and linseed oil and paste of peanuts now.
And these ingredients of late have grown so scarce and dear
That cheaper substitutes for them will presently appear.
And when at last we've been reduced to eating plain raw fat
They'll substitute fresh substitutes for substitutes for that.

The coal is growing swiftly less and burns with feebler glow,
And when the mercury outside stands at twenty-two below,
We may not burn the phonograph, or chairs or chiffonier,
Or feed the furnace with the cat, for heatless days are here.
And while we stand around and rub our freezing ears and feet,
We'll have to find some substitute to substitute for heat.

—*James J. Montague, in Chicago Examiner*

□——□

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,
 And I've never raised a row.
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran
 And I feel like a brindle cow.
I am taking a snack
From the old haystack
 In the evening shadows gray.
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
 To the end of a meatless day.

—*Washington Star*

Mrs. E.: Did Longfellow ever have any struggles with poverty?
H. I.: Why, er, he taught school.

□——□

L. B.: When brains are mentioned, I am beautiful, but when they talk of beauty, I have brains.

□——□

M. M. (before the Junior stunt): I'm going to be in the stunt. I'm going to be one of the headlights.

□——□

L. B.: Did you make that waist, Louise?
L. S.: No; I've never yet made anything I could wear.

□——□

Oh, my mind, my beautiful mind,
I lost it amid frying pans
And term papers and English XIII
And pop bottles.
Oh, my beautiful mind.

□——□

ON A BIBLE PAPER

The Judeans tried to shake off the yolk of the Armenians.

□——□

C. R. (seeing Mr. Stearns' new hood): Wouldn't that make a perfectly lovely party coat if you didn't have red hair.

□——□

P. K. (in answer to Miss Benson's question): I didn't even notice what you were saying.

□——□

Psych exam question: What type of action was it when the cow jumped over the moon?
H. I.'s answer: Impulsive.

□——□

D. W. is charged twenty-five cents storage fee for a letter kept overtime in Senior mail.

□——□

HOW MANY HAVE YOU?

Miss C. has nine in the service and one on the thrift stamp.

□——□

A PROBLEM FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS

Can anybody explain why Lois Carpenter suggested taking a SHOE HORN with which to dig the Junior ditch?
Only suggestion so far as association of ideas.

□——□

H. B.: Miss Fuller, I just can't draw a straight curve.

□——□

Miss J.: Will all you dumb bells line up on this side of the gym, please?"

OUR LIBRARY

FAMILIAR ESSAYS:

"The Daily Theme Eye"—Freshmen.
"The Saturday Night Bath"—(If there is any water).
"The Lost Art of Going to Church"—Found at I. W. C.
"Old Clothes Sensations"—Auction Sale.
"Dogs"—Our lavillere pets.
"The Dictatorship of an Acrobatic Mind"—Miss Jacoby.

BOOKS WE SHOULD KNOW:

"A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband"—D. Westphal.
"The Air Man"—E. Leonard.
"Bob, Son of Battle"—Mrs. Moellering.
"Art History"—Nelle Lindley.
"Laugh and Live"—K. Madden.

BOOKS WE ALL KNOW:

"Great Expectations"—The Essay Contest.
"A Batch of Smiles—Grace Hasenstab.
"The Age of Reason"—The Seniors.
"Little Men"—Freshmen.
"Angel Unawares"—Miss Miner.
"Arms and the Man"—Engaged Girls.
"First Call"—Cowbell.
"Much Ado About Nothing"—Freshmen Class Meetings.
"Reign of Terror"—Exam week.
"Black Rock" (color immaterial)—Education Class.

□——□

THIS SPACE

Dedicated to Miss Coultas' joke which we were bribed not to print.

□——□

THE NEWS STAND

"Physical Culture"—Olive Gerrick.
"Parisienne"—Joe Eddy.
"Independent"—English History Class.
"Good Housekeeping"—Bliss and Jin.
"Vanity Fair"—Avonne Jameson.
"Vogue"—Thelma Walker
"Review of Reviews"—well known salad.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

K. B.: Mornin', ladies! Splendid, splendid!

B. S.: How perfectly wonderful!

Mrs. C.: Hello! May we have some more heat on the west side of Harker? It's just like ice in my room all the time.

Z. W.: Oh, I'm so abused. Nobody loves me.

D. W.: I just got a special, but I haven't had time to read it yet.

Any Soph: "What that Aprille with his showres soote."

G. H.: Now, let's give three great big rahs!

L. R.: Wait a minute.

G. W. Well, I want enough to eat.

T. B.: I think it's the limit.

J. E.: Oh, Pa, are you going to Ehnie's? Will you get me something?

V. I.: Now, don't do that.

M. C.: You old crazy!

□——□







□——□

SENIOR KNOWLEDGE

L. J. (before Founders' Day): Yes, and I hear we're going to have William Cullen Bryant in the afternoon.

□——□

L. B. (the night of the high school fire): I know there's a fire, but girls, please do be quiet. Mary McGhee is trying to sleep.

□——□

M. I.: Does anybody know any jokes?

G. W. (appearing on scene): Yes, here's one.

M. I.: A big one.

C. Randolph: If I married a man named Jim, I'd cut him by force of habit.

□——□

WELL KNOWN PLACE

M. S.: The music reserve books are just below Mrs. Ellis' reserve shelf.
Miss B.: I guess I don't have to tell you where that is.

□——□

SOME BURG—WAVERLY

P. K. (in education): Why, we have so many celebrations that it wears the grass out.

□——□

WHERE GRACE ABOUNDS

On both sides of 286 Harker.

□——□

OUR FAVORITE SONG

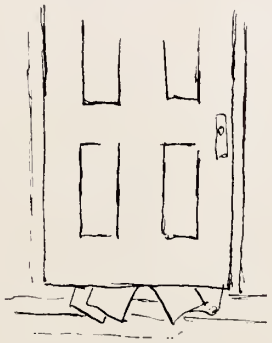
Verse One: Everybody, everybody, everybody members,
" " " "
" " " "
Of some study class.
Repeat.

Verse Two: Everybody, everybody, everybody members,
" " " "
" " " "
Of some study class.
Repeat.

Verse Three: Everybody, everybody, everybody members,
" " " "
" " " "
Of some study class.
Repeat.

Lack of space does not permit publishing the remaining verses.

□——□



Five minutes to twelve!

L. M. (in psychology): All the senses precipitate in imagination.

□——□

Has anybody seen Joe Eddy's "Parisienne?"

□——□

Junior: I never saw anything so dirty as that Gym Hall.
Freshman: Who is he?

□——□

THANKS! GLAD TO KNOW WHERE IT IS

A. R. (in a note to A. H.): Alice, I have your "learning process."

□——□



□——□

E. McC.: Say, Alice, I've got a good joke for the "Illiwoco." What will you give me for it?

A. H.: Ten yards start.

□——□

By request we give Woodson's Poem

I. W. C.

this is to hoom it maye consurn
thaire is a praire i breath from the chaple alone
it is a prdise for thee
A tear i drope on this mable stone
witch noe hummand eyes can see.
dear me when i lye in my grave
none one shall drope a teare fore me.























Allons. O Madame Moellering,
Pour mon chapeau est arrivé!
Ma chère mamma a moi l' a veni
Ce cadeau qüi je n'ai pas acheté.
Entendez vous dans les corridors
Gémir les malheureux jeunes filles
O, elles n' ont pas un chapeau d' or
Un beau chapeau tout fait d' paille!
Allons, mes compagnons! Formez vos battaillons!
Marchons, Marchons!
Qu' une sourire soit faite par personne.

V. W.

□——□

Query: Which one of the Annual staff was the dummy?

□——□

I knit two hemlets while I was home Christmas.

□——□

May I borrow your big red tie?
Certainly, but why all this formality of asking permission?
Why, I can't find it myself.



TRADE MARKS

Grasshoppers Lois Carpenter
Nine o'clock bus.....Marie Iliff
"The more you eat, the more you want"....Esther Harper

□——□

For Information Concerning

The location of the public library—See Magdalen Mershon.
Hopper's store—Ask Lois Carpenter.
Gladys—See Mardelle or Mary Whiteside.
"The Parisienne"—Ask Joe Eddy.
Nose straighteners—See I. Taylor, M. Iliff, or M. Ball.
The photographer's hat—See Eleanor Sherrell.

□——□

THINGS THE STAFF FOUND OUT

That Mrs. Hartmann knocked at the library door.
That D. Westphal has $5.20 worth of special delivery stamps in her memory book.
That Mrs. Moellering tried to light the electric light with a match.
That one of the doctor's thot that the H. M. on Miss Miner's sign stands for "Her Majesty."
That the phone call Win Sale tried to get was not for her, but for William Sale.
That E. Sherrell had the photographer's hat.

□——□

E. M.'s little sister was watching Erva write a letter during Easter vacation.
"Who is oo witing to?"
"Bush."
"Briss?"
"No, Bush."
" 'At grows fowers on?"

□——□

Things We Try to Believe

That Helen Pursell will not kill herself learning to skate.
That some day Bliss will clean her desk.
That Dr. Harker has seen Miss Coultas "grow and grow and grow."
That M. Kennish actually took double cuts.

Heard in French Class

"Marius threw his eyes upon his clothes."

□——□

Did you ever stop to consider how "absence makes the marks grow rounder?"

□——□

Choice Bits from Illinois History

Dancing was a favorite recreation. There were only a very few ministers, so there weren't many people to oppose it.

The school house was used as a place of worship by the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers.

□——□

A Rainbow party is to be given soon. The following are expecting invitations: Olive G., V. Black, L. Whitehead, M. Whiteside, Ruby M., Ruby B., and Ruby D., C. Cherry, M. Weiss and Z. Schwartz. The faculty chaperones are Miss Ruby Neville and Miss Gray.

□——□

Why We Came to I. W. C.

K. Madden—to laugh.
E. G. Hodgens—to eat bittersweet puffs.
I. Taylor—to improve her nose.
M. Houghton—to play basketball.
M. Whiteside—to get "rhythm in her soul."
G. Bailey—to learn rope climbing.

□——□

IMAGINE

Doris as tall as Ruby.
Gladys without Mardelle.
Zay keeping quiet.
Everybody getting to chapel on time.
Having every lesson prepared.
M. Kennish saying "I don't know" in English Lit.

THE DAILY GOSSIP

For Sale or Rent: Nine pairs of overalls in splendid condition. Inquire of Junior Class.

Wanted: Some good first class intelligence. Junior brand preferred. Address Sophomore Class.

Extra! Extra! Big horse sale! German and Latin thoroughbred ponies. Going cheap.

Seniors

Dear Gentlemen:

For Years I have been afflicted with violent attacks of hay fever, accompanied by terrific sneezing, which left me weak for days. Since using one bottle of your famous Sneeze-no-More-O, I have been completely cured.

Winifred Sale

Wanted: One correctly filled out exercise report. Address Miss Jacoby. Office hours: 8:00 to 8:30 a. m.

SAD ACCIDENT

A car ran over a peanut, a shell exploded and crushed two colonels.

Lost—A beautiful chestnut brown switch. Will pay large reward for its return.

M. C.
Care The Gossip

SHAMPOOING

15 cents
I guarantee to make your hair clean, soft and fluffy.
Customers expected to furnish own towels, soap and water if they have any.
All materials furnished at extra charge of five cents.
Mlle. Bliss Seymour.

Will Exchange: One slightly tilted nose for one of the straight variety. Inquire Irma Taylor.

For relief after strenuous gymnastic work try our famous Rubitin Liniment. Sold only in five gallon jars. Look for the black and blue label.—Adv.

For Sale: A very satisfactory engaged sign. Guaranteed to keep out all book agents, bill collectors and insurance agents. See G. Henerhoff or M. Meents.

CARD OF THANKS

We, the members of the Junior class, take this way of publicly announcing our heartfelt gratitude to our sisters, the Sophomores, for their beautiful floral offering of a handsome fern.

Read the daily gossip and keep up with the times.

Wanted: A tutor in English Lit. Very urgent.

Marion Kennish

SOCIETY NOTES

The Loyal Order of Mooneyikes held an important meeting on Tuesday, April 2. Results of Easter campaign were read and approved.

I. B.

The Iota Beta rushing season is now in progress. A series of teas are being planned. The society flower is now in season, and was used effectively at the last tea.

Grand Opera House

Special Features

Fountain of Youth
Mlle. Whiteside & Wright

Annette Kellerman
Mlle. Wright

Dance of Seven Veils
Mlle. St. Dennis-Scrimger

One Act Tragedy—Romeo and Juliet
Featuring Dance of Death
Scrimger, Kennedy and Whiteside

Prices 5c
1c war tax
(optional)




ILLINOIS WOM
OLLEG
H C. Pursell.



MUSIC HALL
Erected 1906

MAIN BUILDING
Erected 1850

EXTENSION
Erected 1902

HARKER HALL
Erected 1909

Illinois Woman's College

A STANDARD COLLEGE

Organized, 1846
Advanced to full College rank, 1908
Member North Central Association of Colleges
Placed in Class A by University of Illinois for
graduate work and for transfer of credits

COURSES OFFERED

Four Years of Standard College Work leading to Bachelor's Degree
College of Music—Certificate, Degree and Diploma Courses
School of Fine Arts—Special Certificate and Diploma Courses
School of Expression—Certificate and Degree Courses
College of Home Economics—Certificate and Degree Courses



F. J. Waddell & Co.

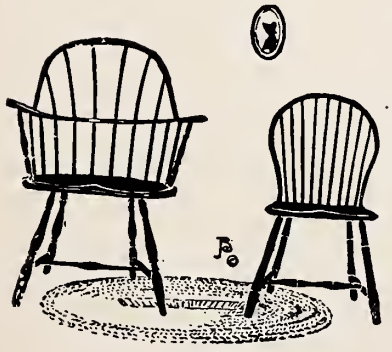
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BLOUSES—FURS—MILLINERY—LINGERIE

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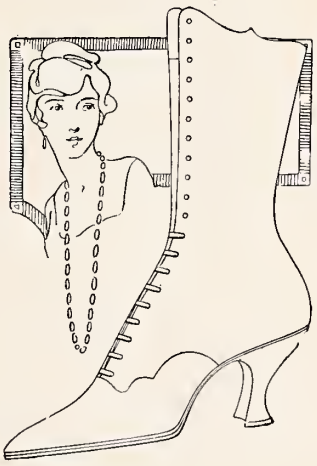
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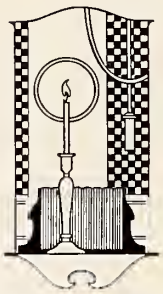
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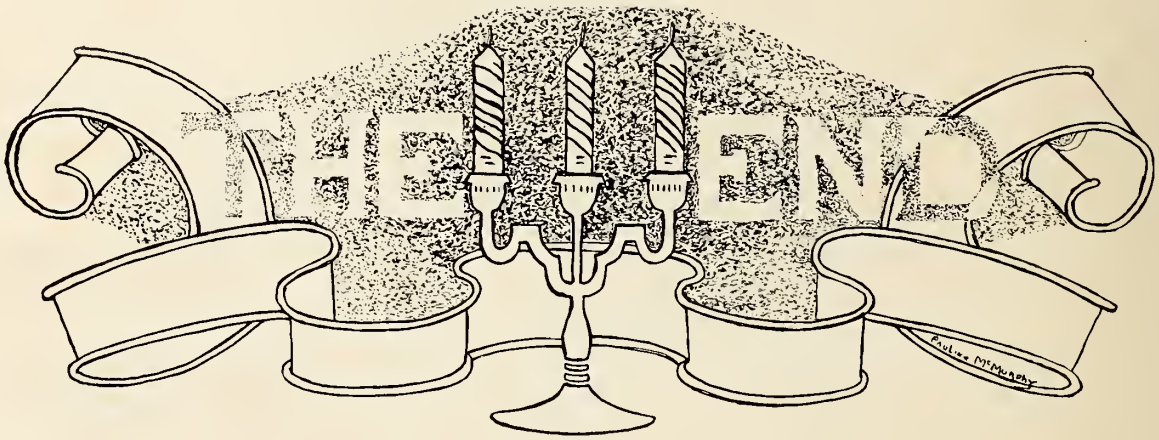
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